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RAM

JOE JACKSON

SKYHOOKS • ICEHOUSE

DURAN DURAN • RANDY NEWMAN

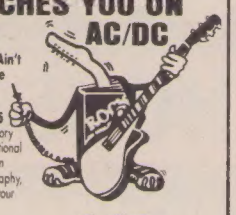
DUSTIN HOFFMAN • VULGAR BEATMEN

AN HONEST, WORKING JOE

(PIC: MARK GREEN)

ROCK READ

SWITCHES YOU ON WITH AC/DC



1. **AC/DC: Hell Ain't No Bad Place To Be** by Richard Bunton **$8.95** The complete story including sensational full-colour action photos, discography, equipment list, tour schedules.

2. **AC/DC** by Malcolm Dome **$12.95** This book screams out the charisma of the band. First major book published and highlights the antics of Angus.

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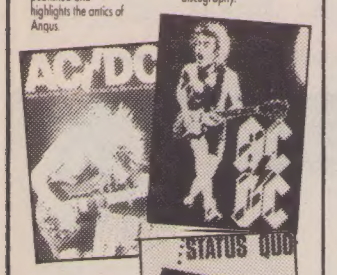

BACK IN STOCK...

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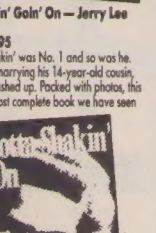
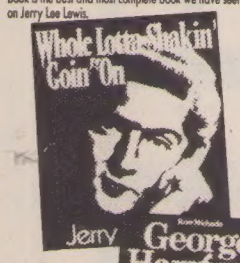
OTHER NEW BOOKS...

6. **Rush** by Brian Harrigan **$7.95** Melody Maker writer Harrigan traces the development of the band from early days in the suburbs of Toronto.



7. **Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On — Jerry Lee Lewis** by Robert Cain **$13.95** In '56 Whole Lotta Shakin' was No. 1 and so was he. Two years later, after marrying his 14-year-old cousin, "The Killer" was all washed up. Packed with photos, this book is the best and most complete book we have seen on Jerry Lee Lewis.



8. **George Harrison: Yesterday and Today** by Ross Michaels **$8.95** Full story of the "silent Beatle" who was the first to establish a successful solo career with **My Sweet Lord** and the **Concert for Bangladesh.**

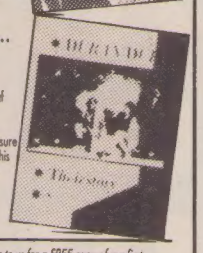
DURAN DURAN CORNER...

9. **Duran Duran: The Official Lyric Book $6.95** Be quick — this is our second lot and they won't last long!

10. **Duran Duran $5.95**

COMING SOON...

11. **Duran Duran: Their Story** by Kasper de Graaf and Malcolm Garrett **$5.95** Order now and be sure of getting a copy. This book is based on a series of exclusive interviews and is bound to sell fast.



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SIMMERING CHUNKS OF DECKCHAIRS

Dear Interested,
There is something pallid and phlegm-like dripping from my top drawer, grunting as it oozes over my sensibilities and battered pink sneakers, filling moth-holes in the carpet and rotting the greasy floor. The spiders are dying slowly, drowning in their own mucus as a million voices chorus in pain or pleasure only to be sucked abruptly into bright recesses to shimmer and wane.

Something indefinable is flitting about my dingy room, briefly touching on ecstasy in the cobwebbed corners to shiver there, then dart away like mirages on glossy waters in the midday sun. Strange things have happened since I acquired my "Deckchairs Overboard" EP, but the strangest thing of all is that my feet haven't sat still.

At the risk of sounding like a fan — Deckchairs Overboard are simmering chunks of unexploited beauty, and could we have an article please?
Yuke,
N.S.W.
Is it a stew or just a slithering ooze? Should we stir it, write about it, or call in the plumbers?

PRINCE/GIRLS/ DISGUSTING

I would like to express my disgust at Prince's *1999* filmclip. As you probably would have noticed, there are two fairly attractive women playing the keyboards together. One is wearing a suspender belt and stockings, panties and a corset and certainly looks tantalising. The second girl obviously thinks so, because she has her hand down the pants of the girl with the stockings etc.

I know there are gay rights, but this is fuckin' ridiculous — a pair of lesbians performing filthy sexual acts on stage!

I think it degrades the brilliant performance that Prince provides on stage.

Yucko!
Richard Cranium
And what's even worse — as we're sure you've noticed, Richard — is her manicure! We wouldn't allow nails like that on the set, let alone in anyone's nether garments.

'SUDDENLY' NO CHURCH?

What's going on? Is there some conspiracy? Will somebody please explain to me why the Church have suddenly become Public Enemy No. 1?

The facts are as follows: despite being one of the most popular groups in Australia, the Church have been completely ignored in the *Countdown* Rock Awards, for the second year running. . . On the *Studio One* TV "special" on the "Noosa Aussie Hop" concert — a sort of mini-Narara — they showed clips of Midnight Oil, the Party Boys and all the other bands playing, but NOT the Church.

Countdown ignores them, radio ignores them, and I won't even mention their last Brisbane gig, where someone kept cutting the power all the time.

Does RAM have the answer?
Garry, from the Vanguard of Social Radicalism, Brisbane.
Hardly. . . the Church have turned down our last two suggested interviews.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

I am a singer and could host a pop show in America. My name is John Goodes. Perhaps you would like to hear me sing. I have not got any money to go to America. I would like an interview to see you.
Yours sincerely,
John Goodes

IS IT ZIPPY OR PINHEAD?

Yowee! Do I feel good or do I feel good! What a time to be alive! I'm young, I'm free, I've got it all! I'm in love, my favourite band's playing tonight, I've got money in my pocket, I've got a new car, I feel like, like. . . Yowee! Wow! Whammo! Yip yip, yipeeeee!

The rest of you can suck lemons.
Ralph

GIG VIOLENCE —VIEW FROM THE SAME CROWD

Like a slug in heat, I reply in haste. M. Mordue's anti-violence piece was wonderful, if overdue. That particular night at Alpha House will be long remembered, though I too left 20 minutes into X's set. I mean, things were just a tad heavy (preview of the world after the holocaust?).

The pick I have is that NOTHING was mentioned about the BAND's responsibility. Has anyone in there seen *Rough Cut And Ready Dubbed* and what English bands had to say about violence at gigs? Mr Rilen and Co have been around an eon in rock terms; surely they could have had the sense to stop de music until the troublemakers quietened down or something?

Security isn't the answer (anyone remember Mr Costello's effort at the Regent?) or even acceptable: eight guys are fucking the whole show and the band plays on like nothing at all was going down. Like "we're up here, anything down there is your problem".

The bashing started way before Mordue's entrance, even before the first band had started playing. He just caught the escalation. I too saw the lady screaming for help as her friend was pummelled to bits on the floor, but EVERYBODY was shit scared.

I'm not a seasoned fighter, I don't have a gang of seasoned fighters to back me up (where were you Mark, preserving the tribe?). Yet the band played on — Nero is still alive and well. When we turn out with bucks and bodies to fill a venue and support 'our' product, isn't it the least they could do to give us a bit of support back? At least TRY?

And talking of Mr Costello, the night I attended we got rid of the guards by standing in circles around them and shouting 'fuck off' repeatedly, WITH Elvis's support. The 12 of them didn't wait round to test 3,000 punters. You might say they were a little COWED. AND, it ended up a good night.
Paul Smith.
What happened when you rushed up to the stage and made sure that the band was fully aware of what was going on, Paul?

GIG VIOLENCE — A PUNK VIEW

I've just finished reading your article on 'Getting Your Head Kicked In' by Mark Mordue. I totally disagree with the quote "the skins and some of the *morons who fancy themselves as punks* are little different from the police".

How can you regard Punks and Skins as having the same ideals in life? The writer has just witnessed skins bashing people, but no punks. It's obvious you haven't heard any English bands like Crass, Discharge etc., and haven't read any of their lyrics. All the new generation punk bands and punks are anti-war.

Before you go to slag off Punks, why don't you go witness a punk gig? There are heaps of good bands in Melbourne like Depression, they play regularly at the Duke of York hotel most Saturday nights, and once a month at the Seaview Ballroom.

A Crass quote: *'War can only be fought if there are people to fight and support it/By opposing war you are standing against one of the oldest institutions of man/By being a pacifist you are ceasing to be a part of the machinery of war'.*

You could call Crass true punk, because that's how most new punks feel. I bet you don't go see any Melbourne bands 'cause you don't wanna be proven wrong.
DECLINE (Melb. fanzine)
2 Fuller St.
Essendon 3040
Just 'cos a movement's 'leaders' say something, doesn't mean that the followers will always act in accordance. The Bible is fairly firm about "Thou shalt not kill", but Christians have been slaughtering each other and other religious groups for centuries. . . Mordue wasn't claiming to talk about all punks (or apparent punks); neither should you.

SAVE THE CAPITOL

Dear RAM readers,

Help! Endangered species on the verge of extinction! Sydney's only decent small size rock venue, the Capitol Theatre, is on death's door thanks to the almighty City Council. Since the theatre's rebirth it has played host to many an excellent gig: The Clash for those magnificent 7, Midnight Oil, Madness, Simple Minds, Boomtown Rats, the last Flowers concert, Cold Chisel and Split Enz are only a few that stand out. Listen, if the Capitol crashes that leaves this gap between the local pubs and the Hordern Pavlova.

The proprieters are willing to spend money if the Council gave them a decent lease. No, the Council want to sell out the whole block to some slope consortium to develop a concrete monolith as part of the "downtown redevelopment". They say the Capitol is not required due to the Entertainment Bucket. Bullshit. Any clown would know that the circus or Barry Manilow couldn't play at the C.

We must act now! The theatre has too much history and is too valuable to the rock concerters to be allowed to fall. Get motivated and help stop this act of violence. C'mon RAM, how about an article of support?

Let's get united and tell Uncle Doug Sutherland where to stick it. They did it in Queensland (Cloudland), don't let them do it here!
An informed concerned usher.
We've outlined the uncertainty of the Capitol's fate twice in *Transit Lounge* — but you're right, and we'll get the cudgels out one more time.

'FURTHER INTO THE MIRE OF DELINQUENT DRIVEL'

While there is a lot of debate in your letters page over the quality of rock journalism in general, and RAM in particular, I feel that some of your readers are missing the point.

What *is* quality? Is it an *innate* thing? Can it be *perceived,* in so far as one is cognisant of a *process of recognition* of quality, or is it empathetic, an *intuitive experience?*

In so far as sloppy journalism is something that can be both learned (environment) and an innate talent (genetic), the answer is not so easy as some of your readers may think.

I feel that a short cut to the short answer may lie in the Letters page itself. There is no hint of quality in it, of any variety. So awful, in fact, is the standard of correspondence, that it serves only to drag your magazine further into the mire of delinquent drivel that typifies any discussion of rock music.

Not only do the people composing this guff possess vocabularies spawned in the gutter, they have no idea how to spell, construct a grammatical sentence, express an opinion (whatever its merits may be), nor even, I suspect, to think at all! These kids are defective! They're an indictment of the entire education system. They should be classified as fit for nothing other than hard manual work, licenced to operate nothing more complicated than a shovel.

Failing that, there's always the Army.

Bah! Humbug!
Colonel M.C. Patrick,
Commander-In-Chief,
21st Juggling Brigade,
Woebetide
Sounds like Glenn Wheatley's *Penthouse* interview to us. . .

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Transit Lounge

PEOPLE, EVENTS, THINGS ON THE MOVE

Pete Farndon in Pretender days (Pix: Ian Greene)

R.I.P. PETE FARNDON

One-time Bushwacker and former member of the Pretenders, bassist Pete Farndon was found dead in his London home last month.

Though drugs were at first thought to be involved, the official cause of death was drowning — Farndon's body was discovered in the bath by his widow, Conover, who has since insisted that the tragedy was not the result of a heroin overdose — as was first reported. There will be an inquest, though a date has yet to be fixed.

Farndon's death comes less than a year since James Honeyman-Scott, the Pretenders' lead guitarist died from drug-related causes on the very same day Farndon was sacked by the group.

At the time of Farndon's death, he was said to be in good spirits and optimistic about the new band he was forming with ex-Clash drummer Topper Headon — they had been rehearsing material with guitarist Henry Padovani (who preceded Andy Summers in the Police), former Blockhead keyboardist Mickey Gallagher and singer Steve Allen, who has worked with the Original Mirrors and Hot Club.

Neither Chrissie Hynde (who originally formed the Pretenders with Farndon) or drummer Martin Chambers, now the only surviving members of the group, was available for comment.

TOURS TOURS TOURS

GARY GLITTER is off, but the MAMAS & THE PAPAS (same old papas, new mamas) have reformed, and will be bringing their "trademark harmonies placed in a fresh pop-rock format" to an agog Australia in June. ROD STEWART, SANTANA, BLANCMANGE, the CARS and ZZ TOP are all rumoured, and the DEAD KENNEDYS look fairly certain for August. Expatriates the LAUGHING CLOWNS and the GO-BETWEENS will tour in June/July.

charge by a Brisbane court. The evidence of the teenage girl who claimed to have been struck by Mason during a gig at the Homestead Hotel, was deemed to be "lacking in credibility".

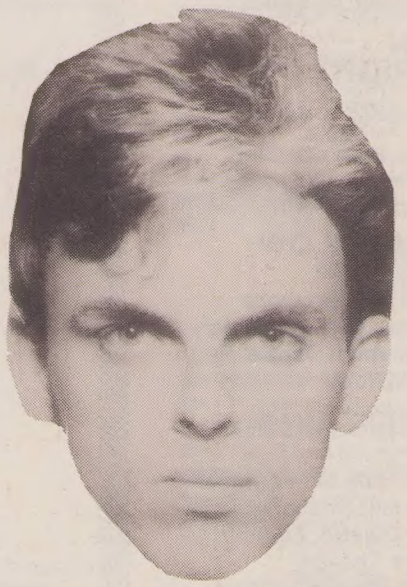
A severe throat infection has forced **Sharon O'Neill** to cancel a national tour planned to accompany the launch of her *Foreign Affairs* album.

Former bassist of the sadly defunct Japan, **Mick Karn** is living in fear! According to a London screaming tabloid, Karn is under threat of extermination at the hands of a Dutch fan. Passionate letters escalated to physical confrontation when the demented devotee travelled from her native Amsterdam to set up camp outside Karn's London flat. When he announced his impending marriage, she retaliated by sending the happy couple a series of threatening letters, culminating in one poisonous missive that announced the hapless Karn would be shot during Japan's farewell performance at London's Hammersmith Odeon — he's still alive and awaiting his peculiar Dutch treat, however. . .

Prancing fruitcake **Marc Almond** is threatening some manner of vinyl collaboration with one **Nick Cave** — hardly likely, wethinks. . .

Former Jam bassman **Bruce Foxton** has signed to Arista. . . expect a debut solo single as early as June, though it's rumoured he won't have finalised his band lineup till an LP is released later in the year. Right now, he's using "friends" and session musicians, and is soon to begin laying down tracks for said album.

'Pete Brown called to say/ We can make it okay. . .' sang **John Lennon** in *The Ballad Of John And Yoko.* Not many Beatle biographers could claim the immortal intimacy of being named in a Lennon Lyric, though of course way back then **Pete Brown** was not yet the author of *The Love You Make: The Inside Story Of The Beatles.* But even further back in time, he *was* assistant to manager **Brian Epstein,** so perhaps the revelations in his just-published book will gain front-rank credibility. We haven't laid hands on it yet, but reports suggest that it's just as well Lennon and Epstein aren't around to be embarrassed by some of the disclosures.



Mark Moffitt returns (Pic: Mark Green)

The success of **Redgum's** single *I Was Only 19 (A Walk In The Green)* seems to have taken the band's business interests by surprise. Conventional wisdom always tries to have an act performing heavily if a record's gone Top 5 — but singer **John Schumann** departed on his honeymoon several weeks ago, leaving no forwarding address. "We think he's in Bali," said a stoic CBS promotions officer, "and probably hasn't even heard about the record."

Two years after disbanding (to the disappointment of many) Sydney's **Matt Finish** are reforming. Their first appearance will be at Penrith Football Ground with Midnight Oil on May 7; three original members — **Matt Moffitt, John Prior** and **Jeff Clayton** — will be there with some helping hands, though a final lineup won't be announced until the band has spent some time in the studio in the next month.

Broderick Smith has been buried in the studio for some time with producer **Cameron Allen** and sessioneers like **Ricky Fataar**. When asked how his second solo album was going, Brod reportedly shrugged and said, "I don't know — ask me in two years!"

Icehouse have been invited to be the UK and European support for the David Bowie tour in June/July. Negotiations are still proceeding as we go to press.

If they go, and **Michael Hoste** goes with them, this could further deplete the ranks of **Deckchairs Overboard,** who have recently replaced their live drummer with a drum machine.

"POWER JAM '83" — More Western Wok'n'Woll!

Can Sydney's western suburbs take the pace. . .? Barely a week after the Midnight Oil/Matt Finish/Swanee/Deckchairs Overboard bash at Penrith, more huge crowds are expected for an all-day rort at Bankstown paceway on Sunday, May 15. Sponsored by 2SM and *Moove* Flavoured Milk, the bill is the ANGELS, the RADIATORS, the CHURCH and the EXPRESSION, and the ticket price is an extremely reasonable $1.

It's a strictly non-alcohol event, but the organisers promise "up to 100 varieties of food and drink stalls", not to mention "well-organised but unobtrusive security and police, St. John's Ambulance, and, of course, more than enough portable toilet facilities". If every Porta-Loo in the known universe is going to be there, why not you? There'll be extra train services, and special buses (40 cents) from Bankstown and Revesby stations. Gates open at 10.00 am, the Expression kick off at 12.00 and the Angels wind it all up at 5.00 pm.

(Even More) MUSIC For The WEST

"At last in Liverpool it is being recognised that music is *work*, an important fact to realise in a society that is rapidly moving away from the expectations of full employment. . ." So begins a press release from a new scheme to educate musicians in the workings of the entertainment industry. Jointly funded by the **Community Youth Support Scheme** and the **Technical And Further Education** dept., **'Music For The West'** will be a 12-week course open to any musicians but limited to 24 participants: selection will be on the basis of demo tapes supplied by interested parties.

Each week is split into three two-hour sessions, and will have a definite and practical scheme. In Week 2 for instance, the subject will be Radio, with reps. from stations explaining what they're looking for in bands and ways of getting airplay. In Week 6 it's recording, with practical work in Wirra Willa Studios, while in Week 7 the topic is 'Gigs — how to find and organise them'.

The course will begin towards the end of May; further info from **Malcolm Baxter** or **Jenny Collins on (02) 602 8965.**

The legal conflict that erupted when **Nick Heyward** split **Haircut 100** has been resolved, with the remainder of the band buying out of their contract with Arista and signing with PolyGram — a new single is expected from the group before the end of this month.

Reels frontman **Dave Mason** has been cleared of an assault

John Torv

OZ TV ROCK — A Growth Industry

Channel 10 will be screening three hours of rock late nights on Saturdays and Sundays from mid-May. The new programme's central figure is former 2SM programmer JOHN TORV: initially the show will be largely clips and pre-recorded live footage, but Torv forsees other segments — news, reviews, interviews — opening up soon.

And the ever-increasing American interest in Oz rock is fuelling several video ventures. Sydney's BARRY WILLIAMS production house has been contracted to supply up to six items a month for the high rating show *ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT.* The first of their footage — on Men At Work — has already been delivered to Hollywood, and they're keen to start including some less well-known aspects of the local music scene. If you think this could be you, contact John Nichols on (02) 290 2522.

Another consortium of leading Oz managers-and-journos has finally got the go-ahead (i.e. the bucks up front) to embark on a long planned doco on Australian bands overseas. The project, called *Captured Live*, will involve four or five months of filming in as many interesting locations as the producers can fit in, and will be distributed world-wide.

RAM ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

OS TOURS

RANDY NEWMAN
May
21 Capitol, Sydney
22 Concert Hall, Melbourne
23 Canberra Theatre
25 Festival Hall, Adelaide
28 Concert Hall, Perth
31 Festival Hall, Brisbane

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT
May
13 Capitol, Sydney
15 Canberra Worker's Club
17 Opera Theatre, Adelaide
19 Winthrop Hall, Perth

BARRY MANILOW
May
13 Festival Hall, Brisbane
13 Thebarton Hall, Adelaide
17 Entertainment Centre, Perth
20 Palais, Melbourne

THE CHIEFTAINS
May
11 Concert Hall, Melbourne
13 Mayne Hall, Brisbane
14 Capitol Theatre, Sydney
16 Canberra Theatre
17 Princess Theatre, Hobart
20 Opera Theatre, Adelaide
22 Winthrop Hall, Perth

THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS
June
9 Billboard, Melb.
7 Billboard, Melb.
9 Festival Theatre, Adelaide.
10-12 Revesby Workers, Sydney
14-16 NSW country dates
17 Maroubra Seals, Sydney
18 Rooty Hill RSL
19 Wentworthville leagues
21 Penrith Leagues
22 St. George Sailing Club
23 Canberra Workers
24 Corrimal Leagues
25 Doyalson RSL
28 Cardiff Workers
29 Sawtell RSL
30 Taree RSL
July
1 Kempsey
2 Lismore
3 Brisbane

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2. Phone Michele on (02) 29 6271, OR (best of all)...
3. Telex RAM GUIDE on AGESYD 21383

DATES REQUIRED	COPY DEADLINE
12 May — 26 May	6 May
26 May — 9 June	20 May
9 June — 23 June	3 June
23 June — 7 July	17 June
7 July — 21 July	1 July
21 July — 4 Aug	15 July
4 Aug — 18 Aug	29 July
18 Aug — 1 Sept	12 August
1 Sept — 15 Sept	26 August
15 Sept — 29 Sept	9 September
29 Sept — 13 Oct	23 September
13 Oct — 27 Oct	7 October
27 Oct — 10 Nov	21 October
10 Nov — 24 Nov	4 November
24 Nov — 8 Dec	18 November
8 Dec — 22 Dec	2 December

NSW

AFFECTIONS
May 21: Enfield Boulevarde
AGENTS
May 13: Mosman Hotel
May 15 Avalon RSL
ALCAN ZEPHYR
May 12: Shellharbour Inn
May 13: Engadine Hotel
May 14: Illinois Hotel
May 19: Forest Inn
May 20: Eastwood Hotel
May 21: Namitjira Hotel
ALLNITERS
May 20: Royal Antler Hotel
May 25: Orange Ex Servicemens Club
THE ANGELS
May 15: Bankstown Paceway with The Expression, The Church, The Radiators
ATTITUDE
May 20: Rosehill Bowling Club
AVION
May 12: War And Peace
May 14: Royal Antler Hotel
May 15: Sylvania Hotel
May 21: Royal Antler Hotel
May 25: St George Sailing Club
BANKRUPT
May 13: Caringbah Inn
May 14: Adams Apple
May 19: Hume Hotel
May 21: Adams Apple
May 26: Sands Hotel
BARRY LEEF
May 13: Musicians Club
May 14: Musicians Club
THE BEAT
May 25: Illawarra Yacht Club
BEATNIX
May 12: Ballina RSL
May 13: Lismore Workers Club
May 14: Casino RSL
BEL-AIRES
May 12: Bennelong Hotel
May 13: Manzil Room
May 14: Mona Vale Hotel
May 17: Governors Pleasure
May 20: Manzil Room
May 24: Governors Pleasure
BENDERS
May 21: Trade Union Club
BENGAL TIGERS
May 20: Manly Hotel
May 21: Selina's
May 25: Enfield Boulevarde
May 26: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
BENT ELBOWS
May 26: Racecourse Hotel, Randwick
BIG FIVE
May 12: Mosman Hotel
May 26: Governors Pleasure
BILGOLA BOP BAND
May 13: Royal Antler Hotel
May 22: Royal Antler Hotel
BIRDS OF PREY
May 13: Lithgow Workers Club
May 14: War And Peace
May 20: Mona Vale Hotel
May 21: Sefton Hotel
May 24: Manzil Room
BLACK DIAMOND CORNER
May 12: Musicians Club
May 13: Balmain Town Hall
May 14: Pier One, afternoon
May 14: Graphic Arts Club
BLACK LABEL
May 12: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
BOSS
May 14: Sylvania Hotel
May 18: Comb And Cutter
May 20: Hotel Manly
May 21: Selina's
A BOX OF FISH
May 15: Strawberry Hills Hotel
BRENTON ROBERTS
May 13: Palais, Newcastle
May 14: Manzil Room
BRING PHILIP
May 21: Strawberry Hills Hotel
May 22: Stranded
BRONX
May 21: Selina's
CELIBATE RIFLES
May 13: Bluegum Hotel
CHOIRBOYS
May 12: War And Peace
May 13: Bluegum Hotel
May 14: Palais, Newcastle
May 15: Sylvania Hotel
May 18: Comb And Cutter
May 20: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
May 21: Enfield Boulevarde
May 25: St George Sailing Club
CHORX
May 21: ANU, Canberra
CHRIS BAILEY
May 15: Royal Antler Hotel
THE CHURCH
May 12: Tivoli
May 13: Central Coast Leagues
May 14: Corrimal Leagues
May 15: Bankstown Paceway with The Angels, The Expression, The Radiators
CITY LIMITS
May 12: Hotel Bondi
CLEEN CUT
May 15: Hotel Bondi
CLUB OF ROME
May 21: ANU, Canberra
COCKROACHES
May 13: Illinois Hotel
May 14: Hotel Bondi
May 19: Mosman Hotel
May 25: Strawberry Hills Hotel
COCKY LAURA
May 20: Dee Why Hotel
THE CORPSE GRINDERS
May 14: Trade Union Club
COVER UP
May 13: Hotel Bondi
CYRIL B BUNTER
May 13: Sefton Hotel
May 14: Comb And Cutter
THE DA'S
May 18: Manzil Room
DEBUTANTS
May 16: Strawberry Hills Hotel
May 23: Strawberry Hills Hotel
D D SMASH
May 12: Caringbah Inn
May 13: Bel Air Hotel, Newcastle
May 14: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
May 15: Royal Antler Hotel
May 20: Comb And Cutter
DECKCHAIRS OVERBOARD
May 13: Trade Union Club
DEE MINOR AND THE DISCHORDS
May 12: Bankstown Sports Club
May 13: Manly Vale Hotel
May 13: Comb And Cutter, late
May 14: Selina's
May 15: Penrith Leagues
May 16: Miranda Hotel
DIE DANCING BEARS
May 20: Mosman Hotel
A DOG FOR JONATHON
May 14: Trade Union Club
DOUBLE O's
May 20: Strawberry Hills Hotel
DOUG PARKINSON
May 12: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
DREAMED UP
May 22: Sheppard And Newman Building
DROPBEARS
May 14: Sydney Cove Tavern
May 15: Avalon Beach RSL
May 21: Manly Vale Hotel
DV8
May 17: Collegians Football Club
May 18: Dee Why Hotel
DYNAMIC HEPNOTICS
May 25: Trade Union Club
EAST END
May 12: Wellington
May 13: Club, Mudgee
May 14: Mudgee Solders
May 15: Unity Hall Hotel
May 18: Carmen's
May 19: Collegians Football Club
May 20: Engadine Hotel
May 21: Didi's
May 22: St George Rowing
ELECTRIC PANDAS
May 13: Mona Vale Hotel
May 25: Mosman Hotel
EUROGLIDERS
May 18: St George Sailing Club
May 19: Mona Vale Hotel
May 20: Governors Pleasure
May 21: Blacktown RSL
May 22: Goulburn Workers Club
EXPRESSIONS
May 13: Paddington Green
May 15: Bankstown Paceway with The Angels, The Church, The Radiators
FAULTLINE
May 18: Enfield Boulevarde
THE FLIES
May 12: Strawberry Hills Hotel
May 19: Strawberry Hills Hotel
May 26: Strawberry Hills Hotel
FOREIGN BODY
May 13: Wyong Leagues
May 17: Stardust Hotel
FOREVER FIFTEEN
May 12: White House Inn, free
May 14: Watsons Bay Hotel, free
May 15: Easts Rules Club, free
May 18: New York Tavern, free
May 21: Watson Bay Hotel, free
May 22: Easts Rules Club, free
THE FRONT
May 13: Rosehill Bowling Club
May 14: Royal Antler Hotel
FRONTIER SCOUTS
May 22: Sheppard And Newman Building
FULL CIRCLE
May 12: Mona Vale Hotel
May 13: Padstow Park Hotel
May 14: Comb And Cutter
FRUSTRATED BACHELORS
May 13: Endeavour Hotel
May 14: Royal Oak
May 20: Endeavour Hotel
May 21: Royal Oak
THE GALLERY
May 13: Mosman Hotel
GAME
May 13: Ambassadors Nite Club, Newcastle
May 14: Mona Vale Hotel
May 18: Orange Ex Servicemans Club
May 19: Manzil Room
May 20: Governors Pleasure
May 23: Bondi Tram
May 25: Governors Pleasure
May 26: Manzil Room
May 27: Blacktown RSL
GOANNA
May 12: Newcastle Workers Club
May 13: Tivoli
May 14: Manly Vale Hotel
May 15: Goulburn Workers Club
GOLDRUSH
May 12: Cessnock Supporters
May 13: Lithgow Workers Club
May 14: Orange Ex-Services
May 15: Parkes Leagues
May 17: Bluegum Hotel
May 18: Dapto Leagues
May 19: Stardust Hotel
May 20: Tivoli
May 21: Palasi, Newcastle
May 22: Penrith Leagues
May 25: Albert Hall, ACT
May 26: Riverina Cave, Wagga
May 27: Yoogali Club, Griffith
May 28: Golden Valley Hotel, Shepparton
GREAT WHITE NOISE
May 21: Trade Union Club
GROOVEYARD
May 22: Strawberry Hills Hotel
GYPSY FIRE
May 13: Stardust Hotel
May 18: Stardust Hotel
HAIKU
May 13: Governors Pleasure
May 16 Didi's
May 19: Sylvania Hotel
May 21: Mona Vale Hotel
May 23: Didi's
HAPPY BIRTHDAY CLAUS
May 13: Trade Union Club
HIJACK
May 14: Mollymook Golf Club
May 20: Arncliffe Hotel
THE HITMEN
May 13: Blacktown RSL
May 26: Mona Vale Hotel
HOI POLLOI
May 12: Governors Pleasure
May 13: Padstow Park Hotel
May 14: San Miguel Inn
May 19: Governors Pleasure
May 26: War And Peace
HONEY MOON
May 14: Dapto Leagues
HOODOO GURUS
May 18: Governors Pleasure
May 19: War And Peace
May 21: Mosman Hotel
HOPE IS A NEW COAT
May 14: Trade Union Club
May 22: Sheppard and Newman Building
HOT HALF HOUR
May 20: Nightmovers, Newcastle
May 21: Trade Union Club
May 22: Stranded
HUGO A GO GO
May 18: Mosman Hotel
ICED VOVO'S
May 12: Tiloli
May 13: Windsor Castle
ISLAND
May 13: Adams Apple
May 20: Mollymook Bowling Club
May 21: Catalina Country
May 22: Leprachaun Hotel, Nowra
JFK AND THE CUBAN CRISIS
May 20 Trade Union
JOHNNY ROGER AND ROCK OCKKERS
May 17: Hotel Bondi
THE JOHNNYS
May 13: Trade Union Club
May 15: Strawberry Hill Hotel, afternoon
May 19: War And Peace
May 20: Strawberry Hills Hotel
JOHNSON BROTHERS
May 12: Penrith Centre Tavern
May 13: Bradbury Inn
May 15: Old Windsor Tavern
May 18: Royal Hotel, Ryde
May 19: Penrith Centre Tavern
May 20: Bradbury Inn
KEVIN BORICH EXPRESS
May 12: Imperial Hotel
May 13: Park Beach Hotel
May 14: Lismore Italo Club
KINGDOM COME
May 14: Sydney Cove Tavern
KLERKS
May 21: Mosman Hotel
LA BOUCHE
May 13: Campbelltown Leagues
May 18: War And Peace
May 20: Tivoli
May 21: Sydney Cove Tavern
LIGHTNING ROCK
May 24: Epping Hotel
LOCAL PRODUCT
May 12: Royal Antler Hotel
May 19: Royal Antler Hotel
LONELY HEARTS
May 13: Padstow Park Hotel
May 14: Enfield Boulevarde
May 20: Mona Vale Hotel
May 21: Governors Pleasure
MAD GORILLA
May 14: Blacktown RSL
MAD ROOM
May 13: Trade Union
MAGNA CARTA
May 13: Stranded
May 14: Sylvania Hotel
May 21: Selina's
May 26: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
MAGNETICS
May 13: Lawson Hotel
May 14: Manzil Room
May 15: Illawarra Master Builders
May 20: Ocean Hotel, Umina
May 22: Leprachaun Hotel, Nowra
MANDRAKE
May 14: Family Inn
May 25: Enfield Boulevarde
MANGROVE BOOGIE KINGS
May 21: Strawberry Hills Hotel
MERMAID SECT
May 12: Sandringham Hotel
MIRRORED IMAGE
May 19: Hotel Bondi
MONDO ROCK
May 25: Trade Union Club
MONTREAU
May 21: Selina's
MOONLIGHT MATINEE
May 14: Greengate Hotel
May 17: Adams Apple
May 21: Greengate Hotel
MOR
May 14: Engadine Hotel
May 21: Engadine Hotel
THE MOST
May 18: Mosman Hotel
MR X
May 13: Lewisham Hotel
May 19: Mona Vale Hotel
MUSTARD CLUB
May 12: Players
May 13: Strawberry Hills Hotel
May 16: Hotel Bondi
MYSTERONS
May 13: Dee Why Hotel
May 14: Governors Pleasure
THE MYTH
May 20: Trade Union Club
NIGHTWATCH
May 13: Tollgate
May 14: Adams Apple
May 20: Tollgate
May 21: Tourmaline Hotel
NINJA
May 18: Greengate Hotel
OL'55
May 12: Sylvania Hotel
May 13: Wollongong Leagues
May 14: Western Suburbs Leagues
May 18: St Marys Leagues
May 20: Riverstone RSL
May 21: Corrimal Leagues
May 25: Railway Hotel, Deniliquin
OTHER VOICES
May 12: Manzil Room
PAT DRUMMOND SKOOL DAZE
May 14: Maroubra Seals
PECULIAR CLERK
May 13: Jolly Roger, Newcastle
May 14: Dee Why Hotel
May 20: Penrith Leagues
May 27: Campbelltown Leagues
PEL MEL
May 13: Roundhouse, Sydney Uni
May 14: Sydney Cove Tavern
May 24: Armidale
PRIVATE LIVES
May 12: Tivoli
May 14: Hopetoun Hotel
May 18: Manzil Room
PROPHECY
May 12: Wiley's Hotel, Grafton
May 13: Casino RSM
May 17: War And Peace
May 18: Enfield Boulevarde, free
May 19: Stardust Hotel
May 20: Ambassadors, Newcastle
May 21: Dee Why Hotel
May 24: War And Peace
May 25: Scandels
QV's
May 12: Thirroul Leagues
May 13: Springwood RSL
May 14: Family Inn
May 15: Sylvania Hotel
May 18: Comb And Cutter
RADIATORS
May 12: Thirroul Leagues
May 13: Rosehill Bowling Club
May 14: Maroubra Seals
May 15: Bankstown Paceway with The Angels, The Church, The Expression
RAGGED DOLLS
May 15: Strawberry Hills Hotel
RAGLAN ROAD
May 12: Musicians Club
RAMS
May 12: Royal Antler Hotel
May 19: Royal Antler Hotel
May 20: Sefton Hotel
May 21: Canterbury Leagues Club
May 26: Mona Vale Hotel
THE REELS
May 19: War And Peace
May 20: Rosehill Bowling Club
THE RIVALS
May 14: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
ROSS RYAN
May 13: Fraternity Bowling Club
May 14: Tivoli
ROULETTE
May 21: Corrimal Leagues
ROX
May 15: Bel Air Hotel, Newcastle
RUSSELL MORRIS
May 12: Mona Vale Hotel
May 13: Caringbah Inn
May 14: Tivoli
May 15: Bel Air Hotel
SAFEHOUSE
May 12: Manzil Room
May 13: Trade Union Club
May 14: Mosman Hotel
May 15: Stranded
THE SAME
May 21: Trade Union Club
SAMURAI TRASH
May 17: Strawberry Hills Hotel
May 24: Strawberry Hills Hotel
SCATTERED ACES
May 12: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
SCHLEM MEN
May 12: Mosman Hotel
SCIENTISTS
May 14: Strawberry Hills Hotel
SHARKS
May 12: Maroubra Beach Hotel, free
May 13: Gary Owen Hotel, free
May 14: Courthouse Hotel, free
May 15: Leichhardt Hotel, free
SNAKE
May 13: Campbeltown Leagues
May 14: Canterbury Leagues
May 20: Blacktown RSL
May 26: Illinois Hotel
May 27: Padstow Park Hotel
SNEAKIN' SUSPICIONS
May 16: Hotel Bondi
SOFT EXPLOSIONS
May 14: Enfield Boulevarde
SOFT TOYS
May 13: Governors Pleasure
SOGGY PORRIDGE
May 14: Sydney Cove Tavern
May 15: Stranded
May 26: Stardust Hotel
SPY V SPY
May 13: Mona Vale Hotel
May 14: San Miguel Inn
May 18: Family Inn
May 20: Padstow Park Hotel
May 21: Miranda Hotel
STRANGE DESIRE
May 13: Hotel Manly
May 14: Family Inn
May 20: Bluegum Hotel
May 27: Tourmaline Hotel
SUNNYBOYS
May 20: Central Coast Leagues
May 21: Comb And Cutter
May 22: Goulburn Workers Club
SWANEE
May 18: St George Sailing Club
May 19: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
May 20: Palais, Newcastle
May 21: Sefton Hotel
May 26: War And Peace
SWEET REVENGE
May 13: New Market Hotel, free
May 19: Royal Standard Hotel, free
TEX DEADLY AND THE DUM DUMS
May 12: Strawberry Hills Hotel
May 14: Governors Pleasure
May 19: Strawberry Hills Hotel
May 26: Strawberry Hills Hotel
TMG
May 13: Wyong Leagues Club
May 20: Tourmaline Hotel
May 21: Collegians Football Club
May 24: Didi's
May 27: Nambucca Heads Hotel
TOMORROWS REVUE
May 17: Palms, free
May 24: Palms, free
TORRID ZONE
May 20: Hotel Bondi
TOTAL FIRE BAND
May 13: Leppington Inn
May 14: Sefton Hotel
May 16: Dee Why Hotel
May 20: Leumeah Tennis Club
May 21: Family Inn
May 26: Comb And Cutter
May 26: Union Hotel, Gosford
TOUR DE FORCE
May 12: Newcastle Workers
May 13: Tivoli
May 14: Manly Vale Hotel
May 15: Goulburn Workers Club
THE TRIBE
May 14: Selina's
May 16: Governors Pleasure
May 23: Governors Pleasure
TRIFFIDS
May 20: Trade Union Club
TU LASSOO
May 21: Strawberry Hills Hotel
THE TURKEYS
May 13: Southern Cross Club, ACT
May 14: Southern Cross Club, ACT
May 21: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
TURKEYS DELIGHT
May 17: Stallions
May 18: Illawarra Yacht Club
May 19: Didi's
May 20: Shellharbour Inn
TURNAROUND
May 13: Central Coast Leagues
May 14: Corrimal Leagues
TWO BOB WATCH
May 13: Tourmaline Hotel
May 19: Leprachaun Hotel, Nowra
May 20: Tathra Hotel
May 21: Tathra Hotel
May 27: Hotel Manly
VERANDAS
May 14: Forrest Lodge Hotel, free
May 21: Forrest Lodge Hotel, free
VICKY O'KEEFE BAND
May 19: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
May 21: Sefton Hotel
VULGAR BEATMEN
May 13: Musicians Club
May 18: Court House Hotel
May 20: Musicians Hotel
THE WAIT
May 16: Governors Pleasure
May 17: Manzil Room
May 23: Governors Pleasure
WET TAXIS
May 14: Trade Union Club
WICKETY WAK
May 25-29: Twin Towns Services Club
WIDE OPEN
May 13: Greengate Hotel
May 14: Tollgate
May 20: Greengate Hotel
May 21: Tollgate
WOOMERA
May 18: Scandels
May 25: Scandels
X-IT
May 14: Caringbah Inn
May 16: Manzil Room
May 18: Mosman Hotel
May 23: Manzil Room
ZARZOFF BROTHERS
May 12: Riverwood RSL
May 13: Riverstone RSL
May 14: Sefton Hotel
May 25: Comb And Cutter

VIC

ABBEY ROAD
May 12: Whitehorse Hotel
May 13: Moonee Ponds Tavern
May 19: Sherbourne Hotel
ACRYLIC CHEWIES
May 13: Pier Hotel
BJ MCKAY AND THE SOUTHERN HOT SHOTS
May 20: Portsea Hotel
BUSH TURKEY
May 13: Portsea Hotel
CAPTAIN MATCHBOX WHOOPEE BAND
May 13: Crosskeys Hotel
May 14: Dorset Gardens
May 14: Club Chevron, late
May 15: Aberdeen Hotel
DEE MINOR AND THE DISCHORDS
May 18: Billboard
May 19: Prospect Hill Hotel
May 20: The Venue
May 21: Tarmac
May 22: Pier Hotel
ECHO VAMPERS
May 17: Royal Derby
May 18: Prince Of Wales
May 24: Royal Derby
May 25: Prince Of Wales
FUGITIVE FLIGHT
May 13: North Melbourne Football Club
May 14: Portsea Hotel
May 16: Billboard
May 21: De Marco's Hotel
GANGSTERS
May 12: North Melbourne Football Club
May 14: Astradome
May 17: Somerville Hotel
May 18: Croydon Hotel
May 19: North Melbourne Football Club
May 20: Dandy Hotel
May 21: Billboard
GEORGEOUS GEORGE
May 14: Pier Hotel
May 21: Pier Hotel
May 26: Pier Hotel
GIMMIX
May 14: Billboard, early
May 21: Beaumaris Hotel
GOANNA
May 20: Pier Hotel
IDIO SYNCRO
May 13: Dandy Hotel
May 14: De Marco's Hotel
LE CLUB FOOTE
May 12: The Marquee
May 13: Armadale Hotel
May 14: Prospect Hill Hotel
May 18: The Chevron
May 19: The Marquee
May 20: Armadale Hotel
May 21: Eureka Hotel
May 26: The Marquee
LEE WALKER BAND
May 12: North Melbourne Football Club
MENTAL AS ANYTHING
May 20: Astor Theatre
May 21: Astor Theatre
MI-SEX
May 15: Pier Hotel
NO NONSENSE
May 12: Crosskeys Hotel
May 13: Central Club Hotel
May 14: Bombay Rock
OL'55
May 26: Crosskeys Hotel
PC CAULTON AND THE PICKUPS
May 12: Spurs, Moorabbin
PYRAMID
May 13: Tankerville Arm Hotel
May 14: Tankerville Arm Hotel
May 20: Tankerville Arm Hotel
May 23: Warrnambool Arts Centre
May 26: Melbourne Concert Hall, lunchtime, free
RAMROD
May 12: Cockpit
may 13: Somerville Hotel
May 14: Cockpit
May 15: Cockpit
May 17: Lazers
May 18: Ritchies Nite Spot
May 19: Club Hotel
May 20: Yallourn Golf Club
May 21: Astradome
May 22: Nightwatch
May 24: Ritchies Nite Spot
May 26: Cockpit
ROCK STEADY
May 12: De Marco's Hotel
May 13: Beaumaris Hotel
May 14: Billboard
May 15: Altona Workers Club
May 19: De Marco's Hotel
May 20: Beaumaris Hotel
May 21: Invaders Disco
May 26: De Marco's Hotel
SANDY AND THE SHAKERS
May 13: St Kilda Football Club
May 14: Beaumaris Hotel
May 20: Somerville Hotel
May 21: Croxton Park Hotel
SOUL TWISTERS
May 12: Aberdeen Hotel
May 14: Club Chevron
SPANIARDS
May 13: Armadale Hotel
May 14: Caledonian Hotel
STEP 2-3
May 17: Macy's
STORMY MONDAY
May 12: Eureka Hotel
May 14: Hamilton Hotel
May 16: Club Chevron
May 18: Pakenham Hotel
May 19: Beaumaris Hotel
May 20: De Marco's, early
May 20: North Melbourne Football Club, late
May 21: Portsea Hotel
May 23: Billboard
May 24: Somerville Hotel
May 26: Beaumaris Hotel
STRANGE TENNANTS
May 13: Pier Hotel
May 14: London Tavern
May 15: Eureka Hotel
SURVIVAL
May 12: Welshpool Hotel
May 13: De Marco's Hotel
May 14: Golden Gate, afternoon
May 14: Ritchies Nite Spot
May 21: Ritchies Nite Spot
May 25: Croydon Hotel
TAILOR MADE
May 12: Club Chevron
May 13: Bombay Rock
THESE ARE
May 13: Bombay Rock
May 14: Village Green
TINSLEY WATERHOUSE
May 12: Grainstore Tavern
May 14: Waurn Ponds Hotel
TONY CATZ BAND
May 14: The Venue
THE TURKEYS
May 26: Whitehorse Hotel
UNCANNY X-MEN
May 12: Club Chevron
May 13: Ritchies Nite Spot
May 14: Village Green Hotel
WILDE FRONTIER
May 14: Tarmac Hotel

SA

DYNAMIC HEPNOTICS
May 14 Adelaide University
INVISIBLE MENDEZ
May 14 Adelaide University
LOUNGE LIZARDS
May 13 Adelaide University
MENTAL AS ANYTHING
May 13 Old Lion Hotel
May 14 Bridgeway Hotel
May 15 Bridgeway Hotel

TAS

MODERN DAZE
May 12 Trav's
May 13 Tasmania University
May 18 Red Lion
May 19 Trav's
May 25 Red Lion
May 26 Trav's

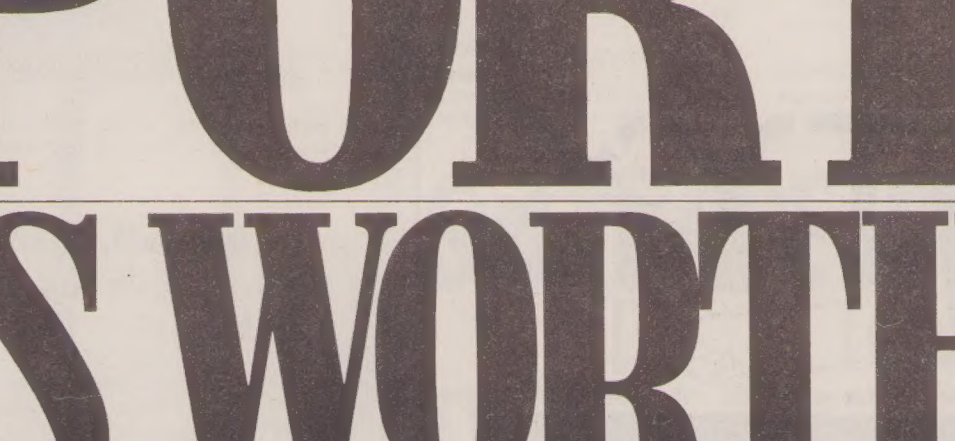
QLD

ALLNITERS
May 13 National Hotel
BYSTANDERS
May 22 National Hotel
CAPE DIEM
May 13 National Hotel
May 25 National Hotel
CHRIS BAILEY
May 20 National Hotel
COLOURS
May 14 National Hotel
May 18 Redbank Plains Tavern
May 20 Q.I.T.
CYPHERS
May 25 National Hotel
DUMB SHOW
May 18 National Hotel
EUROGLIDERS
May 12 Bombay Rock
May 13 Playroom
May 14 National Hotel
May 15 Royal Mail Hotel
EXPRESSION
May 22 National Hotel
KEVIN BORICH EXPRESS
May 17 Q.I.T., lunchtime
May 18 Bombay Rock
May 18 Whispers
May 20 Glen Hotel
May 21 Jet Club
May 22 Royal Mail Hotel
OUTER LIMITS
May 20 National Hotel
PRESIDENTS XI
May 20 National Hotel
PROPHECY
May 14 Jet Club
May 15 Jet Club
SEVEN BALLERINAS
May 18 National Hotel
SHARON O'NEILL
May 12 Bombay Rock
SKIDMARKS
May 12-14 Miami Hotel
May 15 Grand Hotel
May 19-21 Miami Hotel
May 22 Grand Hotel
May 26-28 Miami Hotel
May 29 Grand Hotel
TRUCK DRIVING GURUS
May 21 National Hotel
WICKETY WAK
May 12 Rockhampton Pilbeam Theatre
May 13 Colmslie Hotel
May 14 Nambour Civic Centre
May 17 Paliss Resort
May 18 Bonney View Hotel
May 19 Park Royal
May 21 Chadwick Hall, Carin
May 22 Wests Football Club

TURN TO PAGE 29 TURN TO PAGE 29

AT LAST!
AN INDONESIAN IMPORT THAT'S WORTH BURNING.

Prahu, the clove impregnated Indonesian rolling tobacco is now at selected tobacconists.



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PEOPLE, EVENTS, THINGS ON THE MOVE

BIRTHDAY PARTY — Mick Harvey Quits, Breakup Likely After Oz Tour

Guitarist turned drummer **Mick Harvey** has pleaded "mental stress" and refused to join the Birthday Party on their imminent Australian tour. Sources close to the blood-spattered throne suggest that the band's recent recording sessions in Germany were fraught with more than usual tension (i.e. totally unbearable for man or beast), and that the oft talked-of breakup is really about to happen.

Harvey will be replaced for the tour by **Des Heffernan,** drummer from Melbourne-based band the Marching Girls. Integrating him has meant the tour has had to be postponed for a week, and will now start on May 15 (See Entertainment Guide).

To whet your appetite (or something) for this possible final appearance, a few choice quotes from the press release should suffice. This was scribed by a thinly-disguised Barney Hoskyns, an *NME* fear'n'loathing contributor, and goes straight into our Most Over-the-top P.R. file. . .

". . . while there (Australia), they recorded the seminal *Prayers On Fire,* which broke both hearts and necks while exposing the band's deeper, darker, danker dementia. . .

"On their return, the Birthday Party hit London like a suppository in the anus of apathy, and proceeded to give the country an Alka-Seltzer enema. . . Ritual suicides are not uncommon in their audience.

". . . But the record's climax is the red, raw open wound *Fear Of Gun,* the new torn torch classic, which restates the Birthday Party's undeniable ability to combine passion, torture and smouldering flesh. This hysterical love-sick sadist of a song hits again and again through a haze of tears and blood, pleading, commanding, 'fingers down the throat of love'. Here's where passion teeters into the realm of emotional, emotive terror. . . the trauma of love and the love of trauma.

"The Birthday Party continue to drip their blood from the meathooks. . ."

The all-singing, all-dancing Amplified Abattoir: dripping in a town near you, real soon!

The 'mentally stressed' Mick Harvey (Pic: Tasso Taraboulsi)

INXS are half way through their ten-week American tour, and doing very nicely, thank you. *One Thing* has reached No. 40 on the *Billboard* chart, while *Shabooh Shoobah* is at No. 53; audiences on their support gigs with **Adam Ant** have regularly been calling the band back for two and three encores.

Before the tour's end on June 5, they'll be appearing at the giant US Festival in California (as will the **Divinyls**), will do a support to Roxy Music and fit in some of their own headlining dates.

While the rest of the band meander home, **Michael Hutchence** and **Jon Farriss** will spend a month in Tokyo doing the odd bit of promotion and preparing material for the next album. Get ready for the long *koto* solo. . .

And the **Goanna Band** also seem poised to make a big impact stateside. *Solid Rock* was the 'most added' single to radio station playlists in the last few weeks, and, like several other Oz bands, Goanna are getting a lot of exposure on MTV, the 24-hour cable rock TV show. While the band complete a Queensland tour, manager **Ian Lovell** is in America, teaming up with Olivia Newton-John manager **Roger Davies** to plan an American strategy.

Acknowledged as the precursor of modern jazz piano, **Earl 'Fatha' Hines** died last month at 77, after a career that spanned virtually the entire known history of jazz. Best known for his classic collaborations with Louis Armstrong, Hines established his own orchestra in the thirties, pioneering bebop and providing a cradle for the development of sidemen such as Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie.

Active right up to his death, Hines remained at the forefront of his profession, with his prolific recordings still achieving both public and critical acclaim of the highest order.

Lone Stone **Bill Wyman** has formed his own company to make his movie debut — and he's producing it himself! The near-complete full-length feature film is called *Digital Dreams,* and is based partly on Wyman's rise from working class yob to megastar status — though much of the film is made up of fantasy and dream sequences. Animation scenes linking the reality and flights of fancy have been devised by Gerald Scarfe, of *The Wall* fame, and Wyman himself describes the whole shebang as "a whimsical, psycho-dramatic peek into the private life of your average superstar couple" — tongue-in-cheek, of course.

The real-life scenes contain both Stones-related and Wyman solo career material, and six Stones numbers are featured, while the fantasies incorporate science fiction and time travel, Wild West shootouts with Wyman as a cowboy, bizarre Druid sequences and romance! Look for it towards year's end, when Wyman is due to release a new solo album to coincide. . .

Into The Mystic?. . . **Van Morrison's** new album, *Inarticulate Speech Of The Heart,* carries the message "Special thanks to **L. Ron Hubbard**". Has the Irish warbler hung up his brains in the **Scientology** closet?

If the proposed Oz tour by **Rod Stewart** comes off, it's unlikely that Rod will follow his hitherto usual practice of sharing the costs (and profits) of co-production. It's a long time between mega-hits, and apparently these days the gravel-throated one just goes for the straight guarantee. After his last Oz fling, when lots of his earnings got tied up in the Computicket collapse, he'd probably ask for gold bars in a Swiss bank before he even gets on the plane.

TALES FROM THE MEDIAN STRIP

It's a sobering thought. Barry Manilow's music, as far as I'm concerned, is the epitome of everything horrible. That probably goes for most RAM readers too. Yet this guy is making more money than almost anyone in music, he never fails to fill a hall, and his records *sell.*

Whatever this says about the human race, I hate to think. In any case, it was with a masochistic leer on my face that I leapt at RAM's invitation to the man's Sydney press conference. I wanted to see the perpetrator of *Copacabana* in the flesh. I wanted to stare at the fella who wrote *Mandy* and lived to tell about it. I wanted to feel my blood boil, I wanted. . .

But no! Horror of horrors, it turns out that Barry Manilow is an unassuming, likeable, regular kind of guy. Not at all the ego-maniacal pop nerd that I'd been (dare I say it) hoping for. He handled the dozens of reporters with grace and (shudder) flair, even the inevitable women's mag question about his diet — "I'm addicted to junk food. . ." — and the idiot who asked him whether he thought the Hitler diaries were genuine: "I'm really not the one to ask about that. . ." (The same idiot asked him if his favourite charity, Nazi-Hunter Simon Weisenthal, was a conservationist. . .)

Now maybe this sounds kinda dull, and maybe it was, but for one quivering RAM man in the corner, it was a genuinely horrifying experience. It was like watching Boris Karloff walking against want. Where have all the villains gone? Barry, how *could* you?

PAT SHEIL

MUSICALS — New, Old Embalmed and Resurrected

Robyn Archer's new show, *A Pack Of Women,* opens at Sydney's Seymour Centre on May 17. Archer performed the cabaret piece to great acclaim in London in 1981; this time she's slipping into the director's chair and the cast will consist of three other notable singer-actresses: **Jane Clifton, Judi Connelli** and **Michele Fawdon.** The show moves to Melbourne after a six-week Sydney season, and we'll have a feature on the whole pack next issue. . .

In July the Australian production of *Song And Dance* kicks off in Adelaide; this is the new opus from **Andrew Lloyd Webber** (*Joseph & The Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat, Superstar, Evita, Cats etc.*), and if the title is anything to go by, this will be about as elemental a musical as one could hope for. . .

Other companies are banking on revivals rather than innovations. After months of chopping and changing directors, the lavish recreation of *West Side Story* gets under way this month in Sydney: all concerned are anticipating that it will move around the landscape for ages.

And those who really cling to the familiar will be able to indulge in yet another resuscitation of *Superstar,* with original old troupers like **Marcia Hines,** and **Trevor White.**

More Than A Demo Show

Following the lead taken by 2JJJ, **2SER-FM** has established its own demo-tape show — with a difference.

Aired Thursdays between 5-5.30 p.m., "The Demo Show" not only provides exposure for new and used bands from Sydney and beyond, but also acts as a promotion outlet for gigs, band information, or as organiser/coordinator/DJ **Andrew (TV) Browne** says, "anything constructive".

The show also features interviews with prominent personages such as Jim Barnes & Cold Chisel, Mike Jones (manager and sound engineer, Now Studios), Donny Sutherland, and hopefully coming soon Angry 'The Orator' Anderson and Peter Garrett etc etc.

Response permitting, it's planned to extend the show to a full hour to incorporate a half-hour "Profile" segment on new bands and their music; live 'on-air' performances are also projected.

There's even talk of free recording time being donated by a company interested in fostering the "new people of music"; if that's you, tune in on 108 MHz.

For more information, phone 'TV' Browne on 519 4089, or 2SER — 218 9993.

Muddy Waters

R.I.P. MUDDY WATERS

One of the greatest and most influential blues musicians died of a heart attack last week in America. McKinley Morganfield, far better known as MUDDY WATERS, was 68. He inherited the Mississippi Delta blues tradition of acoustic players like Robert Johnson, and pioneered its translation both to electric guitar and to the northern urban environment of Chicago.

In the years immediately after the Second World War, Waters and other greats like his half brother Otis Spann, Little Walter Willie Dixon (all of whom played in Muddy's band at times), Howlin' Wolf and Sonny Boy Williamson defined modern electric blues, and in Muddy's case went on to form one of the main links between the blues and rock. A whole generation of young white musos, from the Rolling Stones, to John Mayall and Eric Clapton etc. were assiduous fans; in later years their interest helped break Waters to a whole new audience.

The original Hootchie Cootchie Man is gone; the records endure. . .

One More Lick At The Ear!

PHIL STAFFORD at the Noosa SKYHOOKS reunion.

"Skyhooks were an era, and it was a great time to be alive and young. . ."
— Michael Gudinski, December 1980

WASN'T all that long ago either. You'd swear it'd been a decade ago, the way their manager waxed. . . It's now just over two years since Skyhooks aborted, but it seems they're still the Mushroom boss's baby. And in 1983, when most of us are still alive though not quite so young, Gudinski oversaw with ol' time paternalism the temporary rebirth of the Brats. .

ON TENTERHOOKS

This time, the candy's come upmarket — and a lot of it from strangers. The dangle that sealed the reformation came from Queensland — Brisbane-based promoter lately cum big B Businessman David Darling held the string that unravelled as far as Hong Kong in its search for funds. From relatively small-time/medium town booking agent to engineering the largest financial commitment ever made to an Australian rock band — some dangle.

And Darling (along with the rest of his heavily-hocked consortium) hung on the potential of his massive gamble for precarious days leading up to the 'Hooks' inaugural return appearance at the Noosa 'Aussie Hop', held on the first day of the Anzac weekend. It was to be the longest of Long Weekends. . .

The rebirth was fraught with complications, most afflicting the midwives. Pre-sales were slow for Noosa, and beads of sweat precipitated into real wetness on the day. The sporadic patter of light rain dampened enthusiastic lunges at the gate during the afternoon, but with the dark came the dry and a late influx of Hoppers, most apparently eager to part with twenty bucks apiece for the three headliners — the Mentals, Midnight Oil and 'Hooks. At least that was the pencilled (and postered) order of appearance, until a conflict of whimsy found its upshot in a reversal of the top two drawcards.

Dunno who won the argument — backstage passes were not distributed for ringside eavesdropping. But the Oils finished the night in a blaze of fiery finesse that belied the sodden surrounds. Hard act to precede, 'specially when prefaced with more pyrotechnics in the form of a rousing fireworks display. Upstage? Let's say the lengthy break between bands allowed adjustment of minds before they could be made up.

There had already been a bicker over the billing. Although Midnight Oil had gone on record to say Skyhooks were the only band they'd deign to support, they ended up headlining. This was after Skyhooks' management forced the promoters to increase the type-size of their charges' hallowed name on the posters *after* a print run had been completed!

MERCENARY TERRITORY

Picture a balance sheet of gigantic proportions. . . roughly 19,000 paying customers, although official attendance figures verged closer on 18,000. (Doubtless many pre-booked punters opted to stay at home, out of the rain.) Tickets sold for $15 (advance) and $20 at the gate. Bet safely that alcohol sales (at a dollar per plastic cup) accounted for an average ten bucks a head. (I observed several customers lining up to score twenty cups a time, served on trays.) Add a minimum two bucks per person spent on food, not to mention T-shirt sales and you're looking at a pretty massive gross. . .

PLAYIN' HOOKSEY IN THE DARK

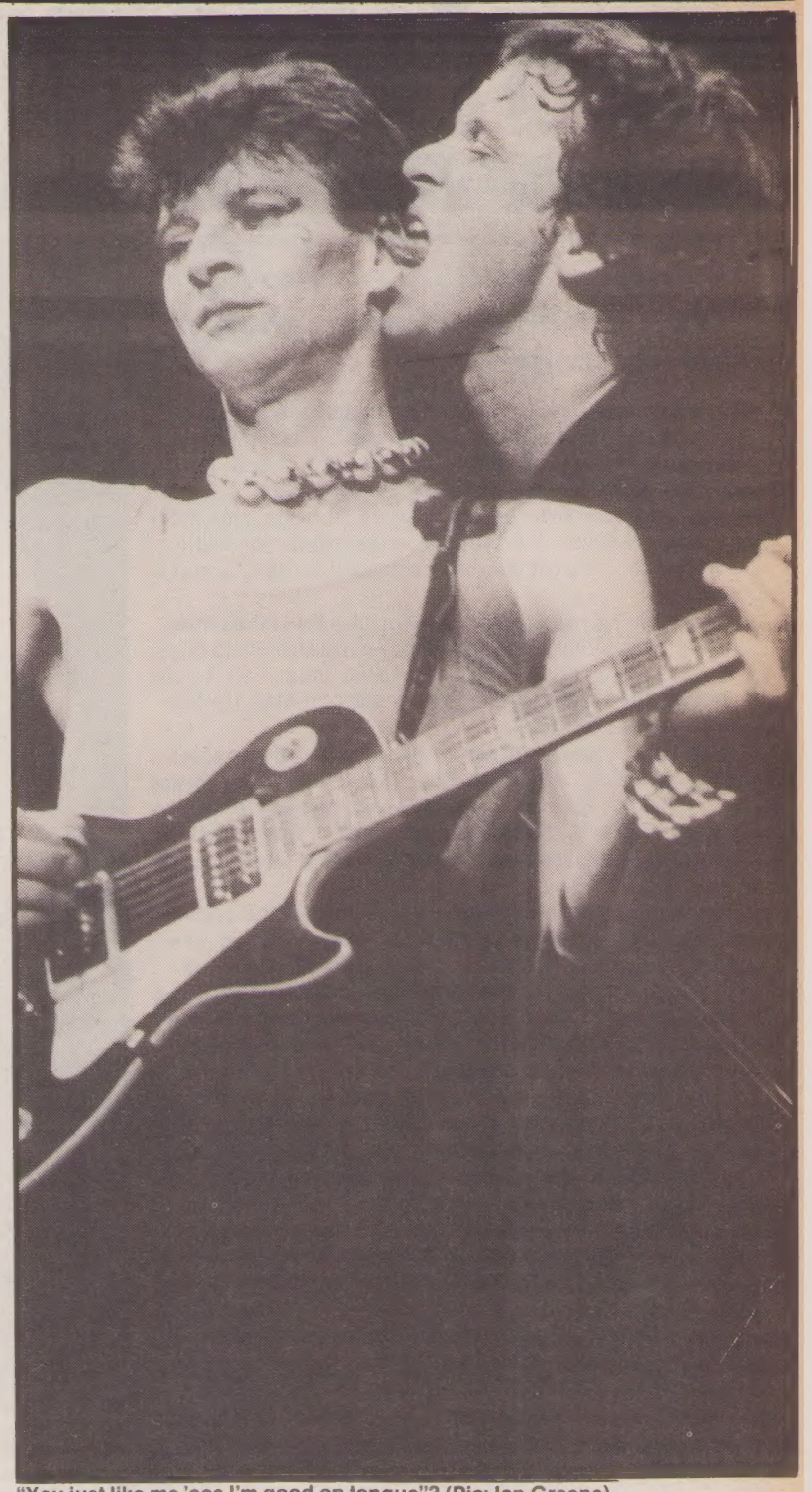
"It was part of their growing up and hopefully it'll stay a fond memory. Whereas it could be duplicated time and time again, people wouldn't look back occasionally and see the whole thing as something that was once important to them."
—Greg Macainsh, December 1980

Now, I'd never seen Skyhooks live before, so had the opportunity to assess their performance in the light of contemporary production standards. . . like 32,000 watts of P.A. power for starters. So the sound was BIG — undoubtedly bigger than the 'Hooks had ever pumped out in their previous life. And with a soundscape of such magnitude, it's easy to spot the pits and craters. Skyhooks had surprisingly few, considering only one of 'em (Fred Strauks) has been playing anything like constantly since the original lineup split in 1977.

BY HOOKS OR CROOKS?

Here's where it was weird, and not only in the sense that I appeared to be sucked into some inescapably anachronistic vortex. From the B-grade theatrics of *Horror Movie* to the screaming sexist fantasy of *Women In Uniform*, the exercise reeked of mercenary playacting, of going through the motions albeit right on cue. But how does a six-year season of shifting cast and scenery translate to a one-act number staged over a handful of dates? Quite easily as it happened. . . it was like sitting through a good quality rerun print of a film most had seen before.

No need for the auto-prompter. The lines were fluent, players obviously well-rehearsed (so who's about to blow a take in the face of a much bigger one?), and the audience reaction predictably warm despite the cool outdoor conditions. (When in a huddle, *huddle!*) Visually, it was an amusing clash of caricatures — not only hung over from the pseudo-expressionist egoism of the seventies. There's something acutely vision-splitting (and side-splitting) about the spectacle (spectrumcle?) of a bondage-collared transvestite, a whiter-than-grey urban cowboy, a displaced surf-yob and a further extended collage of customed curios from a long-discarded wardrobe, all mincing about on the same stage.



"You just like me 'cos I'm good on tongue"? (Pic: Ian Greene)

"I feel a little edgy. . ."

Wait. . . what's that sound? Is it the distinctive tinkle of a keyboard I'm hearing? Who is that masked man lounging casually side-stage? Guess they had to cheat a bit with the stakes so high — besides, some of these wall-to-wall arrangements hinge on the occasional keyboard flourish. Must be why former Jo Jo Zep ivories man Bill Canty is lurking in the shadows, masquerading as the foldback mixer. But why is he reading that magazine between numbers? 'Spose the rehearsals were quite enough excitement. . . no point in making a spectacle of yourself when you're not even meant to be there. Besides, there's enough visual madness happening already. . .

One of the most endearing aspects of the Skyhooks persona used to be its sense of the bizarre, of riotous self-parody. The spectre of straightman out front of a supporting gallery of loons reversed the long-established ritual — that of focussing a lineup on its lead singer. With the 'Hooks, the spotlight was always shared among the band.

The single truly deviant moment came late in the set at Noosa. Clad in T-shirt and board shorts, a pudgy Shirley attempted a bare-legged assault on one of the P.A. trestles, only to climb eight feet to the first rung and think better of it. Hell, this was no one-turkey show! It was a bucket of fun, even if the last time it was emptied to such an extent was the heady days of '75-76.

"The whole thing is, you've got to keep moving ahead. If you ever start sounding samey, you may as well lie down and die. The spark just disappears. . ."
— Graham 'Shirley' Strachan, January 1976

Sure, Skyhooks cranked out a near note-perfect repertoire, though it was suitably assorted if not a little dated. It's as well that *Living In The Seventies* came early in the set — though the hecklers would sing it out loud throughout — for that song epitomised the unfolding travelogue of recycled riffs and dusted-off dynamics. The scenery mutated constantly, from the C & W plains of *Blue Jeans, Toorak Cowboy* and *All My Friends Are. . .* to the protracted peaks of *Ego, Carlton, Seventies* and Freddie's demented deja-vu drum solo.

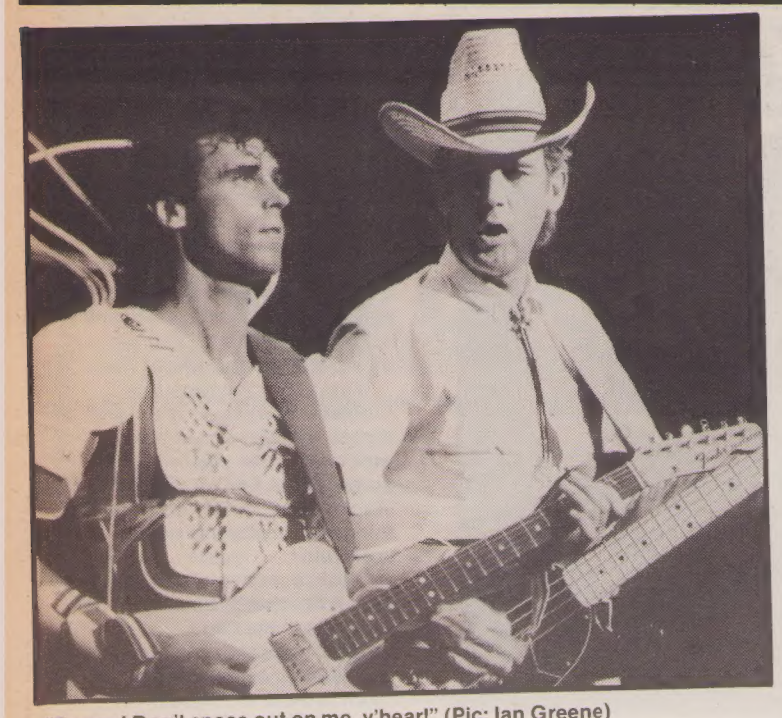
Soon after the lengthy denouement began with Shirl's swiftly curtailed scaling of the scaffolding, a hitherto restrained Red Symons dropped the lead-sinker quip of the evening:

"What's the difference between herpes and Skyhooks?"

Give up, Red. . .

"You can maybe get rid of herpes!"

It was a joke repeated the following evening at Sydney's Capitol Theatre, and although the current word from the band is that the reunion was a strictly one-off, we remember Todd Hunter telling us last year that the Dragon reformation would only last a month. . . The initial three concerts were rapidly



"Bongo! Don't space out on me, y'hear!" (Pic: Ian Greene)

extended to seven (four in Melbourne), and today shows in Adelaide and Perth were announced. Shirley is definitely getting off the bus at Perth — flying off to Sri Lanka for a holiday — but now that the ice has been broken, the possibility of more 'Hooks could always be with us.

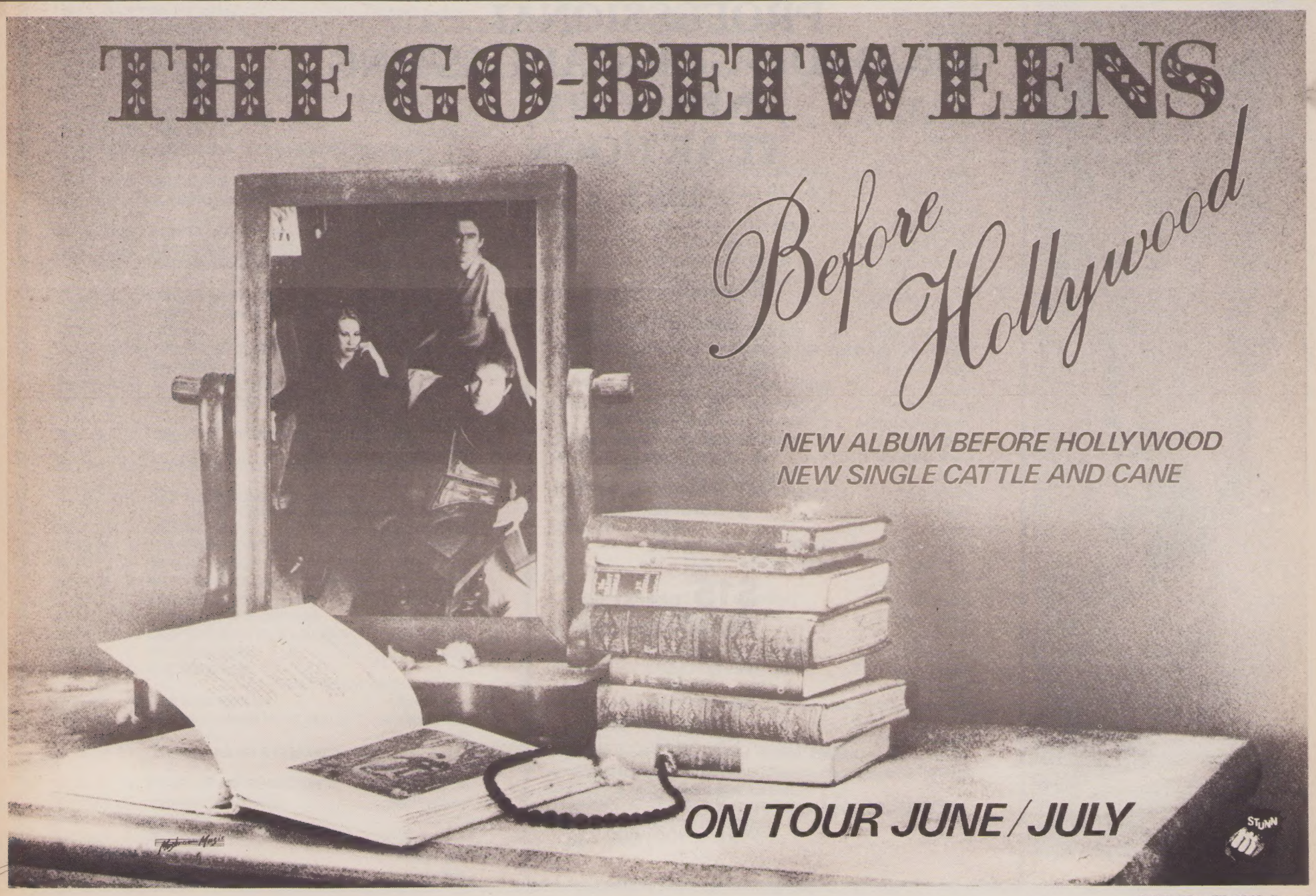
"We're doing it for art, fun and money," said Red at the Hilton press conference. They don't need to prove the art again: this jaunt wiped out the declining years, left us with a memento of the Brats at their best. Unless the unlikely prospect of new material/recording became real, they could safely leave it at that.

"It was interesting to go through the whole cycle — from garage band to the top of the heap, down to the bottom again. . ."

— Greg Macainsh, December 1980

The press conference that launched the reunion (Pic: Mark Green)

"... I feel a bit strange" (Pix: Ian Greene)



VULGAR BEATMEN — Silver Fern Soul

Vulgar Beatmen — Boyd, Peter, Mike, Tony, Jane (Pic: Reed Combs)

NOT only do the Vulgar Beatmen vault into the finals of the 1983 RAM Classic Bandnames Award, they come into contention for my Most Intriguing New Thang Prize as well. To date they've done around half a dozen gigs, which just goes to show how absolutely on the ball and on the pulse this magazine is, wouldn't you say?

Enough self-congratulation. Nurse, wheel in the patient!

Now, when the editor (small "e", always) of this august journal suggested that I wander down to the Courthouse Hotel in Redfern to assess something called the Vulgar Beatmen, I thought he'd taken leave of his senses. Again. Visions of four anaemic turkeys in black T-shirts in a beer sodden hell-hole. Why me?

So imagine my relief to find that this beer sodden hell-hole was cosy home to a seven-piece soul band of no mean meanness. This was a breakthrough! Sydney's first good band name to have a good band to go with it. And a soul band to boot.

What's that noise? Is it the sound of hundreds of readers going, 'Eaaagghh, Soul Band. . .'? Well, just wait a minute. Soul ain't jaded shades of Motown singers doin' Gospel tunes for white folks, you know. Well, that's not how me and the Beatmen use the word, anyhow. Soul is the unclassifiable upper middle ground. It's where *hey, yeah,* and al-*right* come from. So sit up and pay attention.

To have a soul band that can cut it, you've gotta have one or two things going right. You've gotta have one or two or three people who can sing, otherwise your outfit's got all the credibility of the N.S.W. Rugby League. The Vulgar Beatmen are looking good on that score, as guitarist/front-Vulgar Tony Backhouse sings a fine, fine song, as does pianist Michael Gubb. Jane 'more-than-a-backing-singer' Lindsay is no slouch either.

Then the underpinnings of a feel have to be in place. Bass player Jonathan Zwartz doesn't put a foot wrong, and drummer John Mackay provides just the right amount of push. The high point of the rhythm section is surely Michael Gubb, whose chunky comping is exactly what this band needs, and fortunately, has. Tony fleshes it out nicely, and there aren't many funk feels that would be beyond them.

A horn section doesn't go astray in these circumstances, so just to be on the safe side, the Vulgars have got one of them, too. The 'Matter Horns', consisting of Peter Famularo on tenor and someone called Boyd on baritone and tenor, are more of a tantalising side-order than an up-front assault, but succeed in adding, well, not so much light and shade as good and evil. Mike Gubb beefs up the balance by switching from keyboards to tenor sax now and again.

The total effect when the band is cooking is like watching an angry sea anemone; a pulsing, squirming, pumping *thing*. Big fun!

It appears that Tony Backhouse does most of the talking in this Vulgar context, and indeed it is he who enters another hotel some days later with a roll of rain-spattered posters under his arm to give me the low-down on this caper. Whatever that means.

Cue the organist, fade the voices. . . Forward, into the past!

"Prior to the Vulgars, Jonathon and I came over here with a band called the Crocodiles, which was basically a light-weight pop/rock band."

They came from, you guessed it, New Zealand, where they made two successful albums. In Australia the Crocodiles were a short-lived event that was heaps of fun for the few people who found out about them before they collapsed.

"I played with a band called Rough Justice in New Zealand which had the same sort of lineup as the Vulgar Beatmen, with horns and stuff like that. That was with Boyd and Michael, who were both in Rough Justice."

After Tony and Jonathon came over here and unwound with the Crocodiles, "we played in Wollongong and stuff like that, and had an arse of a time, and decided that we weren't making any money, and we weren't having that much fun either. So we decided to make it all a little more palatable by getting a few more people in and having a bit of a party.

"We might starve, but let's have a good time while we're doing it."

Hence the Vulgar ethos?

"It's not really an ethos."

The chat descends into blather here for a short interval. . . and surfaces with the fact that Tony writes most of the songs, and has done for other people as well.

"Renee (Geyer) recorded a song of mine last year, *Love's So Sweet*, and the flip side, *News For You* was written by Jonathon and Jane. We've sort of collaborated (Tony and Renee): we wrote another song we did the other night called *Just Another Fool*."

And why soul music? (Apart from the obvious 'why not?', that is.)

"The thing about soul music, I think, is that it's dancey, and it's exciting. I just get excited when I hear those old Temptations and James Brown songs, and the idea was to tap into that line of thing."

What about the inevitable problems of trying to make any money with this line of thang — especially when you throw in numbers like Smokey Robinson's *Mockingbird*, which tend to push things to the silly end of the spectrum?

"Yeah, but I don't think we've ever seen it like that. It's just stuff that everyone in the band. . . we're all into it. It's not as though we go home and listen to James Brown tapes and listen to them in exclusion to everything else. Why, I even listen to a bit of John McLaughlin at times, and there's a Ralph McTell record that. . .

"But I mean," (*seriously now. . .*) "people like Elvis Costello; he uses all those feels under his stuff. So hopefully we'll be able to write tunes that are accessible enough that people can come and listen to it and not go, 'Oh yeah, soul band'. . ."

This is just what the Vulgar Beatmen are succeeding in doing already. It's rare enough to find a band in these parts doing this stuff anyway, and it's an extra bonus to hear one incorporating these ace feels and structures into their own writing, and doing it well. Perhaps the horns could be a little more up front, and maybe some of the changes could show more dynamics, but this crowd is really new, and these are things that only come when you've been playing together a little while. Definitely something to see, so go forth, young Vulgars, and witness as the Beatmen testify!

PAT SHEIL

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ARISTA

TALKING PICTURES: 1

John Taylor (Pic: US/SR/LFI)

What We Did On Our VIDEOS

(Pic: Frank Griffin/LFI)

Yes folks, DURAN DURAN love to fly around and make film clips, and they've just released their first 'video album' to prove it. Bassist JOHN TAYLOR takes scribe STEVE SUTHERLAND on a semi-critical retrospective.

THE art, or rather the knack *of video is something our poor pop groups have been forced to master with indecent haste. So far most have failed miserably, but that isn't surprising considering the majority lack the gumption even to string a few chords and words together with any semblance of imagination, let alone learning to make the camera work for, not against, their brittle public images. How often they try to make that camera lie and how often they wind up exposed as utter wallies!*

Pop people have always made poor actors just as actors have invariably turned out cringe-worthy crooners, but now, with television more accommodating than ever and almost every hep cat and kitten seemingly poised over a record button, sound business sense dictates that we've entered the video age and that it should give birth, albeit prematurely, to a new, narcissistic breed of multi-media stars.

There have been pioneers: Madness have taken to tape like ducks to water, enthusiastically celebrating the tragicomic idiosyncracies of our daily lives in an amusingly honest hall of mirrors that exaggerates both our blemishes and our beauty spots. They cleanse the video of its art-house mystique and make light of its technology with their DIY unselfconsciousness, while on the other hand, Ultravox have forged a reputation relying heavily on the know-how of others and merely acted — or, rather, posed *— the parts concocted for them like waxworks in some austere, hallowed Hollywood hall of fame.*

One's matey, the other's majestic, but if Madness are Norman Wisdom meets the Keystone Cops and Ultravox are every amateur cinema bore's idea of a Czechoslovakian comedy classic, Duran fall comfortably between the two camps. With preposterous pretensions to sophistication yet the instincts of naughty schoolboys, they make pop equivalents of James Bond movies — every punter's fantasy pools win. Girls, tans, grinning white teeth. . . they celebrate a homely affluence and you can't help feeling, as you watch them grapple with beauties on some tropical isle, that if you were them, you'd do much the same.

Duran Duran make videos of their — and our — fantasies, only every time they act out our shared ambitions and flog them back to us, it nudges their *fantasies towards real fact! Clever beggars — they've even teamed up with Russell Mulcahy, the director responsible for Ultravox's award-winning* Vienna *video, to simulate their dreams as they steadily come true.*

Next week Duran release a video album comprising 55 minutes of footage spanning the first two years of the band's existence and featuring 11 of their most popular songs. Last week, at the appropriately plush Barbican Centre, the album was given its first cinema screening, and we cornered Duran's John Taylor to talk us through the blushes, bruises and boasts while Andy Taylor chipped in a few wise-cracks to disrupt our attempts at critical insight.

"It's quite cut and dried," John explained. "We're not trying to say anything other than 'Duran Duran — the first two years'. It tells the story as honestly as possible."

Fasten seat belts — here goes:

PLANET EARTH

Location: London
Director: Russell Mulcahy

SS: A real hoot. Duran look naively embarrassed dressed in frills and knickerbockers as they eagerly mime their debut single. An archetypal rock band video, it chucks everything against the screen — scenes stolen from *Barbarella,* flashing computer statistics and he-man poses — but nothing sticks in the memory like those haircuts! Love 'em!

JOHN: It's nice to look back although to watch it, you'd think it was five years ago rather than two — it just makes you realise how fast-moving music is in this country. I thought it was very well made actually — it sold us a lot of records in countries that we've never ever been to and that made us sit up and realise how important videos were gonna be in our career to come.

Like, with this video album, the primary value isn't people going out, buying it and showing it on their TV — it's important internationally, from a business point of view, because you can be doing *Top Of The Pops* in Britain, Germany, Japan and Australia all on the same day and putting yourself over how you'd like to put yourself over rather than at the mercy of some half-crazed Spanish cameraman.

S.S. So what will someone, say, in Zimbabwe who's never seen Duran, think of you from this video?

JOHN: Well, definitely, in the first couple of years, a bunch of arrogant little ponces, but I think we *finally* come over as being fairly natural and self-assured. I think, for its time, *Planet Earth* is a good video — even if we do look idiots.

SS: So you don't mind laughing at yourselves?

JOHN: No. I think it's only been in the last 12 months that we've honestly been able to do that though. We're more confident to be ourselves now. I mean, personality and image are the same — you think "What persona should I wear today?" and, after a while, you realise that the best one is your own. I don't like to draw parallels between us and the Bay City Rollers because I think we've got more integrity than them but I think one of the reasons that people were so quick to call us production line product is that we were one of the first groups in which people were able to see the *process* of success. There's a greater awareness now of the whole business than there was ten years ago and, say, when Bowie was happening. Even people in the business would have been surprised at the moves he was making and where he was playing next, but now the patterns are all so well-defined that everybody in the world knows that Duran Duran will do Wembley next because that's the next stage and the steps on the ladder are very, very clearly defined. Unfortunately, it's become very formularised, how to make a record sell and a group successful.

SS: Isn't it partly your fault?

JOHN: Well, unless somebody comes up with a good alternative. . . I mean, all this business about becoming part of a big industry. . .I see it very honestly: I wanted to achieve certain aims and it was a lot easier to achieve them through a large corporation.

RIO

Location: Antigua
Director: Russell Mulcahy

SS: Simon's doing his suave Martini-ad bit on the deck of a yacht, talking to some floosie on the telephone, she yanks the wire and he falls in the sea ruining his Anthony Price suit. Macho Roger strides down the sand to greet the sun-kissed goddess with the knife strapped to her thigh as she emerges from the waves when a crab grabs his toe and *Dr No* is deflated. Nick pursues a painted nymph, Andy is unceremoniously dunked and John acts out his 'Dogs Of War' fantasy. 'Carry On Up The Jungle' meets the Campari and soda set.

JOHN: *Rio* was the one to try and shake the myth away. It's totally tongue in cheek after all our glamorous videos and it deliberately combined many criticisms of us — the locations, sexism. . . I mean, the girl wins out throughout and she makes us look total idiots. It was really contrived to make us look very human and vulnerable.

SS: So were you conscious of criticism?
JOHN: Oh yeah! I don't think there was anybody in the band who wasn't sceptical about going to Sri Lanka at the time. Our manager had been there for a holiday and came back talking about this amazing Utopian island but, I mean, "Durans go back to nature!" I thought "How's my lip-gloss gonna go in this?" But when we got there, it just happened so naturally, the hair was let down without anybody consciously doing it. I think it made so much difference to our whole outlook on everything — when we saw the results we thought "Well, there's no real posing going on, it's a bit dramatic but it's fairly natural and it worked!"

LONELY IN YOUR NIGHTMARE

Location: London and Sri Lanka
Director: Russell Mulcahy

SS: Previously unseen and it's not surprising — *Nightmare* is a botch-up, filmed in haste, attempting to segue unused footage of the bustling holiday paradise with grainy footage of a lonely London slum. The story-line (!) is specious, Simon's acting uncomfortably rebel-without-a-clue and the rest of the group make a token appearance in animated snapshots.

"God, I hate this," Andy screamed. "Nick and I weren't even there when they made it!"
JOHN: It was done, originally, because we thought it might be the single instead of *Rio* whereas I didn't think the song particularly lent itself to video. We found the Sri Lanka scene wearing a little thin so we tried to spruce it up a bit which marginally worked but I couldn't even watch the original cut all the way through. Actually, I'm not too keen on it.

CARELESS MEMORIES

Location: London
Director: ID (Terry Jones and Perry Haines)

SS: Duran's second video is a cliched hi-tech exercise, more like an ad for Habitat than an inducement to buy the record. Already there is a tension apparent between what the industry thought Duran should be and what they actually were. From now on any mistakes they made would, at least, be their own.
JOHN: A failure. We'd just discovered alcohol and degradation in between *Planet Earth* and *Careless Memories* and it really shows.
SS: You look just like the tailor's dummies people said you were.
JOHN: Very much so. We didn't know any different at the time really; being a pop star was such a new world that we really didn't know what people expected of us. Y'know, "How should we, as pop stars, dress?" What a laugh! I made sure I was late for this screening so I missed it!

MY OWN WAY

Location: London
Director: Russell Mulcahy

SS: The single, rather than the superior album version, *My Own Way* suggests that Duran had seized the artistic reins and, prior to their famous globe-trotting, had learned to use video to their benefit. Cast into a weird, pulsating studio, beseiged by sensuous Spanish flamenco dancers and pestered by a show-stopping parrot, the video affords a rare opportunity to spot Nick Rhodes . . . ahem. . . *dancing!*
JOHN: This is actually one of my favourites. Stylistically, I think it's the best video on there — it's not overdressed but the colours appeal to my Russian Constructivist streak and I was pleased it came out so well because I suggested using the red, black and white. I think it's one of our most vivid videos. . . shame about the song though.

HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF

Location: Sri Lanka
Director: Russell Mulcahy

SS: A balanced combination of holiday snaps, stunning scenery, every jungle movie you've ever seen and a pursuit narrative featuring a hot and sweaty Simon tracking down a mysterious lover. Rips off the *Cat People* — who's the victim, who's the prey? Who cares — it sold the record though, possibly, to the detriment of Duran's hard-fought democracy.
JOHN: This was the 'Raiders Of The Lost Arc' epic and I can never quite tell what I think about it. Some of the movement is absolutely fantastic but some of it falls a bit short. It seems to have been successful commercially — it broke us in America — but I don't think it puts enough of the band across basically — it's a Simon Le Bon video.

GIRLS ON FILM

Location: London
Director: Kevin Godley and Lol Creme

SS: Duran Duran in soft porn sensation! The *Sun* has already picked up on this one and it was banned from TV first time round. The band barely matter really as they play in the background while two girls pillow fight in sheer nighties across a long greased pole, a buxom couple mud wrestle, a cowgirl rides then rubs down a black stud, a brazen hussy seduces a lifeguard in a paddling pool, etc etc. Tits a go-go. When I was little there was only *Parade!*

"The American feminists'll love this," beamed Andy. What can you say except, except. . . Surely you never thought you'd get away with it?
JOHN: Not really, but I don't think the sexist angle is important because I think if there is one, it's bisexual because you've got us five selling our bodies and faces and the girls who did it could have always said no. It's very tongue in cheek. We rarely put our humour over in any medium, but when we watch *Girls On Film* we just howl!

I mean, it's so open — I don't think anybody would seriously criticise us for it because we've laid ourselves *so* open. Y'know, for somebody to think they were being pretty clever by turning round and saying "I think *Girls On Film* is a bit sexist" — it's so bloody obvious that nobody would really want to admit that they thought it. We all like beautiful girls and girls like beautiful men and, generally, the ones who are upset by these sort of things aren't!
SS: Some would say you were hiding a meagre talent behind exotic distractions.
JOHN: Oh, I don't know. . . we were just lucky enough to be able to use the video to carry out a few of our own little fantasies. I mean, when the kids watch us and they see an ideal Duran Duran looking spot-on, I think exactly the same as they do. In my own way, I look at me in the videos and say "My God! That's how I wish I could look all the time!" So it's a little bit of escapism on our part as well — not just what we're delivering to the people. And anyway, it gained us so much bad publicity and all publicity is good publicity and Christ! — It was good fun making it!

NIGHTBOAT

Location: Antigua
Director: Russell Mulcahy

SS: Previously unreleased and, from the band's point of view, deservedly so. Andy cringes at his ham-acting but it holds a weird fascination for the viewer, especially as the song is taken from the first album transported to locations generally associated with the second and then introduced to an unintentionally comic storyline involving Roger writhing in a feverish fit under attack from a plague of zombies.
JOHN: To be realistic, I don't think anybody in the band is at all happy with this. It was a failed experiment but at least we tried. We put in a narrative to try to add something more but I think it tipped the balance between the visuals and the music and the music was becoming a background.

We've always wanted to get involved with soundtrack music, but you write a soundtrack to a film, and to try to make a film to a soundtrack is something else again. I'm not embarrassed by it — we can all have a good laugh about it but I think where we really slipped up was we were being put on a platform and talking, but what we were saying didn't come from John Taylor or Simon Le Bon, it came from a part we were playing and I think our personalities are strong enough that we should use our own.

The trouble is, we can't do *A Hard Day's Night* and, from what I've read of the ABC film, I wish I'd thought of that because a spy film around Europe sounds great! I'd like to see us get to grips with a little more intrigue but within the next few months, I'm sure somebody will use the same idea and get it right. Maybe *we* will!

SAVE A PRAYER

Location: Sri Lanka
Director: Russell Mulcahy

SS: The song the fans have adopted as Duran's anthem and the video that did most to establish the band as idols to some and spoiled brats to others. Little more than a leisurely stroll around the Sri Lankan sights, its effect is that of a glossy travel agency inducement to honeymoon in the sun and luxuriate in the good life. It succeeds overwhelmingly as a "wish you were here" while the song seduces us to share in, rather than envy, the experience. By the way, Andy wants to know why Simon always gets the girl?
JOHN: I look at it and the sheer imagery of the thing wows me! Out of the three Sri Lankan videos, this is my favourite — it has it all! It probably fits in with the mood of the song better than any of them and we spend a lot of time saying "A video can't make a song if the song's crap" and that's true, but if ever a video enhanced a record, I think this did it. The colours! The whole thing from start to finish! The scene when it pulls away from the tall mountain reminds me of when I first saw *The Sound Of Music* and the aeroplane goes into the valley. I'd like to see us, possibly, doing a 1980s musical *Fantasia* next.

THE CHAUFFEUR

Location: London
Director: Ian Emes

SS: A sepia fetish involving an implied tryst between an 'all because the lady loves Milk Tray' chauffeur and three decadent women wearing very little other than stockings, garters and slinky bondage gear.
JOHN: We're all really into Helmut Newton and this is my favourite video — whether that's because I've seen it less than the others or because I'm a pervert, I don't know. Probably the latter! We had no involvement but I don't think that's necessary particularly. We left it to somebody that we didn't know but felt might be right and I think he did a great job. Again, I don't know what the little chaps'll think but I'm sure dad will like it even if mum doesn't.

IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW?

Location: London
Director: Russell Mulcahy

SS: Duran's latest single and most mature video to date, presenting the group as household faces rather than desirable product, unafraid to chuckle at their past or, for that matter, their present. Often peppered with irrelevant imagery — a small boy with a ball in the bush and a baby — it nonetheless oozes confidence and success, not as something to protect or gloat over but as something to enjoy.
JOHN: I'm not gonna pretend it was consciously done but I think it's rather nice to finish a video which is made up of so many different images with a total non-image, and it's rather nice to let the personalities do all the work. We've stripped away all the backdrops and costumes and tried to put across five close-up faces, and it's nice to say we can do it without all the shebang. We didn't want it to be another postcard from Duran Duran, so unless we were gonna go to Mars and do it, we had to go the other way, and although I don't think there's any one video in which we put over our personalities fully — in fact I don't think there's one that even comes close — I'd like to think that, by the end of the video, you've got some sort of clue.

(Pic: Frank Griffin/LFI)

Tales Of TERROR & TUNISIAN TANGOS

As Related To
GREG TAYLOR

Sometimes making a film clip in exotic foreign parts isn't quite the glorious holiday one might expect. Sometimes you daren't eat anything, farm animals and other local inhabitants run amok, and everything reeks of cats' piss. Sometimes, if you are IVA DAVIES, you may wonder why you are in Tunisia. . .

AFTER THREE months in Australia and Europe, the Icehouse tour was over. Everyone was to laze around different parts of the Continent for a week or two before heading back to Australia and one last (mimed) performance for the *Countdown* Awards.

All except for Iva Davies. There's no rest when you need a new film clip to consolidate the already sizeable impact of *Primitive Man* in Europe and Australia. *Street Cafe* had been chosen as the next single, and the famous rock clip director Russell Mulcahy was to team up with Iva again. They'd settled on some basic (if vague) scenarios before Icehouse came off the road: now all they needed was a location. . .

"When Russell Mulcahy decides to do a film clip, he says 'now where haven't I been this year?' — I'm sure he just gets out a globe. . .

"No, actually it's a bit more involved than that. . . I suggested Barcelona, he suggested Morocco, then it was Venice for a while — and possibly Bombay — but then he went and checked it all out, and the only place they didn't want to breathe down your neck all the time and you didn't have to have multiple vaccinations was Tunisia.

"Actually, I'm sure there's *plenty* of interesting diseases they haven't accounted for in Tunisia. . .

"About ten of us arrived there: there were two male models and a girl, a wardrobe man and a camera man and his wife, a props man, Mulcahy and his friend, me and Ray" (Hearn, Icehouse manager), "a journalist and a photographer, plus people from this local film company called Carthage Films — they got happening 'cos *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* was done there. . .

"As soon as we arrived, the camera was impounded — the only suitable camera in the African continent sort of thing. . .

"Meanwhile we checked into this hotel, which was reportedly a four-star hotel, which was a dump. You see, the thing about Tunisia is that *everything smells of cats' piss.* They've got these wild cats everywhere, and they let them in *everywhere:* 'four-star' hotels, kitchens etc., and they piss everywhere which is pretty horrifying.

"So when I got used to the fact that I couldn't eat anything except orange juice, prawns and bottled water, we went out on the Thursday afternoon and looked at some locations. . .

THE first shoot was in this little square in the ghettos. More horrific smells: we wanted to have these fires going around it and the only thing they could find to burn were these tyres. Burning tyres and cats' piss!

"Then we went to this little cafe. Some of the scenes there were to be in the past and some 'present day', so a truck arrived with a whole lot of bricks and dirt and spinifex, and they made up the stairs to look as if they were completely derelict, and tied these black sheep to them and made them walk up and down. . . By the time I got to walk up and down them, they were completely covered with crap. . .

"Originally I was just wearing this sort of 'Brideshead' gear — Edwardian collar, three-piece suit, braces, two-tone shoes, panama hat etc. — but the first night they had a freakout that it didn't look macho enough, so for most of the other scenes they got me these knickerbockers and riding boots and gunbelts — real Lawrence Of Arabia stuff! — and covered me from head to toe with *dirt* which they just picked up off the street!

"They doused me with water every ten minutes to make me look hot and sweaty — it was freezing.

"Then the smoke machine broke down in the interior cafe shoot. Now Russell Mulcahy can't function without smoke, so they had people running around with

incense burners and charcoal braziers, which they doused with kerosene to get them going.

"So they had to keep all the doors closed, and every time we did a take, instead of giving the smoke machine a little pump, there was this major operation with people flying from everywhere with braziers and kerosene and bits of polystyrene to fan them. It was great!

LATER, in the evening, they were filming this supposed cocktail party. By this time, there was a crowd of about a hundred milling around, and this fight broke out between some young guy in the crowd — pretty heavy-looking character — and one of the guys we'd hired as an extra. These guys, they were going to kill each other. Our translator person pulled them apart and in the process really rubbed the aggressor up the wrong way.

"I wasn't involved at this point, but I saw the guy disappear with his mates and come back a minute later, and they were all sort of doing very shady things behind their backs. I noticed a couple of iron bars and a few razor blades. . .

"So the rest of the shoot — we had about another hour and a half to go — was basically spent dodging these guys: they'd start crowding around the camera so we'd all move around the camera to protect it, then they'd start surrounding the translator, or me. . . "But the funniest near accident happened when the man turned up with the donkey and cow that we'd ordered. . . Now Russell Mulcahy has this thing where he doesn't really tell you what to do, he just says 'Okay, we're shooting!' You just have to keep singing away — lip-synching — which is pretty difficult when nobody's thought to bring any speakers and there's only a taperecorder about fifty yards away!

"I'd got used to that, but the problem was that every time Russell wanted the crowd to get out of the way, or to get any of the local extras to move, he'd shout something and then Patrick, the interpreter, would have to shout it in French.

"Now when the man with the donkey and the cow arrived, something must have got misunderstood, 'cos suddenly someone was yelling at me 'Get Back! Get back!' and I took two steps back, very slowly 'cos I thought it was one of Russell's directions, and just as I did these two massive animals came charging down right in front of my nose.

"If I remember correctly, I didn't drop a word, and these two beasts came right between me and the camera. I can't wait to see the film — it must have looked really cool and collected!

"At the end of that day we were going to drive somewhere else; we only had one hotel room for the twelve of us, so I couldn't get a shower. I just stayed in those clothes that were just covered in dirt and camel shit and whatever.

"We drove out into the desert to this little village where there was this giant, 'intercontinental' hotel — except that it was like a hotel after a holocaust. There were no lights, one doorman and apparently no-one staying there. As soon as I walked in, the cats' piss smell bowled you over again. Brand new carpet — you could still see the fluff on it — but pools of cats' piss everywhere.

"I was getting really frayed by then. . . He wouldn't give us any mineral water, but I noticed —while I was abusing him as best I could in French —that he had a bottle. I was getting really annoyed, so in the end I just jumped over the counter and pinched it and ran upstairs.

"Had to find the room by feeling the numbers on the doors — there were no lights at all — got this brand new room, but the toilet had never been cleaned, and although the bed was made up, when I pulled back the covers there was still cigarette ash sitting in the centre of the bed. So basically I kept my clothes on, lay down on the bed completely freaked out, and waited till I had to get up again at five-thirty in the morning.

"Whereupon I had to put the rest of the camel clothes on again, have all this bronze makeup put on and go down to breakfast.

"In the dining room there were fifty German tourists — no idea where they came from. All they had for breakfast was some bread and butter and this jam stuff; and I took one mouthful and threw up immediately."

WE were driving through the countryside on the way to this Biblical sort of village on top of a mountain, and we saw these two old women trekking across the plains on donkeys. Russell said 'Stop the car — we've got to get these two!'

"The actors were already made up and costumed for the next shoot, so Russell Mulcahy, in his usual form — making it up as he goes along — asked two of them 'Can you dance?'

"They couldn't, but the wardrobe man gave them a quick lesson in the tango. So there they were tangoing away — which looked completely ridiculous, these idiots in sort of 'Brideshead' costumes tangoing — badly — and they rolled camera, cued the donkeys to walk past as I stood looking. . . Next thing, from out of nowhere, this white dog appeared and started chasing the donkeys, and right at that moment, a bus full of the German tourists came past. They must have thought it *most* bizarre, 'cos you couldn't see the camera — all you'd have seen were these idiots in the middle of the desert, two of them on donkeys, another two doing a tango, and me. In my gunbelts. . .

"There are only two flights out of Tunis a week: I had to make this mad drive to the airport by two o'clock — still in these filthy camel clothes and makeup, and the three hours between Tunis and Gatwick airport were only the time that I had in the whole three days to do the interview with this woman who'd been with us all the way. And from that flight I had to go straight to one leaving for Australia.

"So I didn't get anything to eat, get any sleep, change out of those clothes or even wash my face until I was on the way back to Sydney."

A LOT of weird shit, a lot of money to promote the third single from the album. . . *Great Southern Land* was shot in one day in a Sydney quarry. The album did really well — but hasn't its peak gone, I wonder?

"Oh, no, no, *no*. . ." says Regular Records head Martin Fabinyi, joining the conversation with a smile.

"Never say die — the motto of Regular Records," says its biggest seller, drily.

Undeterred by Tunisia, Iva is already at work on another film project with Russell Mulcahy. But this time only his music will be required — the 'star' is a giant mutant wild boar that wreaks all sorts of carnage and mayhem in central Queensland. The movie, entitled *Razorback,* is the first full-length feature for Mulcahy, (an Australian who happens to be one of the world's most successful rock clip makers). On the strength of this reputation plus a twenty-minute 'presentation-of-locations' film with musical accompaniment from I. Davies, Mulcahy has won a $5 million budget from Warner Bros., "which will make *Razorback* the most expensive Australian film yet made." *(Gallipoli* came in for a tidy 2.8 million.)

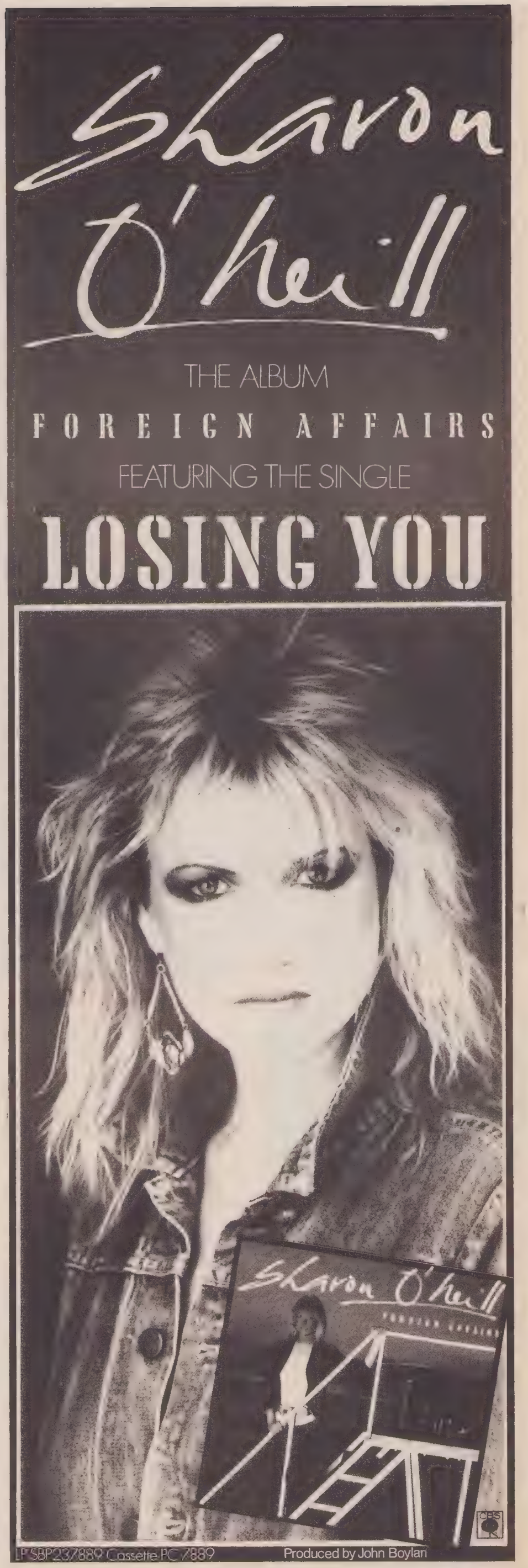
"I think they've manufactured five mechanical pigs," says Iva trying to keep a straight face. "It's sort of *Jaws*-in-the-bush. . ."

Have you a pig *motif?*

"Yeah, the odd grunt here and there. . . no, not really. It'll be all instrumental — and it's all happening fairly fast, 'cos they need some of the music before they start shooting, which is supposed to be in May."

Iva can do most of this work at home with a tape deck, some synthesisers, and his Linn drum computer. In between (or after) the film score, he'll be working on "bits and pieces" for the next Icehouse album, and possibly looking at doing some production for some other bands.

And probably he'll be thinking of writing a song that specifically indicates a safe and civilised location for a film clip. Look out for 'Dancing At The Dorchester'. . .



(All pix: Mark Green)

The Honest, The Hardworking, and The Happier JOE JACKSON

'The guy with the big feet/But plenty of nerve' has won through round the world. PHIL STAFFORD and GREG TAYLOR trace the slog and the unblinkered vision, while BRECON WALSH jumps and jives at the first Australian concert.

"I feel this one's gonna be big. . ."

"I'm not a student of style. I think style is bullshit, very overrated. Content is more important than style. I've never had a style, and I still don't, it's as simple as that.

"I'm just concerned with writing the best possible songs I can write, and making the best possible records I can make, and just keeping it interesting." — Joe Jackson, 1983

IF JOE JACKSON hasn't a "style', his first three albums at least could have carried the trademark 'Cut The Crap'. He's not the first or last to make music out of exposing self-deception and reversing stereotypes, but from *Look Sharp*, through *I'm The Man* and *Beat Crazy*, he hit them hard, hit them often.

Sometimes the targets were society issues — tabloid titillation and media lies in *Sunday Papers* and *Pretty Boys*, fad and fashion ripoffs in *I'm The Man*, racism in *Battleground*, and not-fitting-in-generally with *Throw It Away*, *Friday*, *Beat Crazy* and *The Evil Eye*. But just as often the boy was nailing the rubbish we go through for love and affection, and this is where he became memorable for being direct. *Is She Really Going Out With Him?*, his first hit, was uncliched jealousy — *'Pretty girls out walking with gorillas down my street'* — and *Happy Loving Couples* and *Fools In Love*, also from the first album, presented a jaundiced view of love from one who at the same time confessed he wouldn't mind being caught up: *'I think fools in love are zeroes/And I should know 'cos this fool's in love again.'*

. . *I wash my hair and kid myself I look real cool'*, he sings on *Is She Really Going Out With Him?* Outsiders people many of the songs, and there are no silver linings or happy endings. Whether or not Jackson has lived all the doubts, one senses he at least dealt with them aggressively. *'I'm the guy with the big feet/But plenty of nerve'* is the ending to *Kinda Cute (A Pop Song)*; on *Get That Girl* — also labelled 'A Pop Song' — he's joyfully pulling someone else's bird, and in *On Your Radio* he's telling everyone who put him down, cast him off, that *'Don't you know you can't get near me/You can only hope to hear me on your radio'*.

But already on the same album (*I'm The Man*), there's a resignation creeping in, a feeling that even bold responses won't break the pattern of our lives: in the beautiful *Amateur Hour*, he says *'You're only going where I've been/And you'll see what I've seen'*. By the third album, *Beat Crazy*, the brutally frank vision was frankly brutal all over. No-one's bridging the gaps; the geeks are always outside and the guys and dolls who seem to have it made aren't laughing. Joe wasn't too happy about the world, or even how he was dealing with it musically. . .

"This album represents a desperate attempt to make some sense of Rock and Roll. Deep in our hearts, we knew if it was doomed to failure. The question remains: Why did we try?" — Sleeve note, *Beat Crazy*, 1980.

Though the first three albums hinted at a varied musical background — inklings of reggae, swing, even classical piano — the four-piece Joe Jackson band basically pounded out a no-nonsense, hard beat music.

But though the Beatles, the Stones and the Kinks were a steady part of the childhood [illegible] rather than recording. It seems as if we're at a point where most people regard recording as the important thing and touring as a necessary evil. I'm really the other way around — I see contact with the audience as the most important thing. . ."

Plain to see why Joe embarked on the *Jumpin' Jive* project as an extension of that philosophy, and a revolt against the critical pigeonholing that had dogged him to that point. He launched into a clearly definable genre to confound categorisation, and won new respect from critics and fans alike in the process. Free from the pressures of writing and conforming to some expected notion of 'musical progression', he had done the opposite — indulged his love of another music apart from his own, and bathed in its nostalgia.

"When my dad was my age, jazz was not respectable. It was played in whorehouses, not Carnegie Hall. . . We didn't aim at purists, or even jazz fans — just anyone who wanted to listen and enjoy, 'reap this righteous riff'."

So wrote Joe on *Jumpin' Jive's* sleeve notes. . . just about sums it up. He wasn't particularly bothered what people thought of his sudden whims. . . as long as they got off on the music, as he obviously did.

"At the time, I was kind of confused about where I was going stylistically, who my audience was and what I should and shouldn't be doing. And then having got the album off my chest, I realised that those things aren't really worth worrying about, and if I worry about them they're only going to hold me back. If you start reacting to what you think the audience expects from you, you're trapped."

JACKSON has been most often compared with Elvis Costello, not least for the fact that both have displayed similar single-mindedness. Costello's *Jive* took the form of his nod to Nashville, and the C & W inflections of his *Almost Blue* album. Hang the critics, thought E.C. as he took his own abrupt change of direction — much in the way that Jackson had done. Actually, the parallel stretches back to the late seventies, when Joe first burst forth with *Look Sharp* in 1979. He'd been instantly (and unfairly) labelled a 'poor man's E.C.', simkply because he embodied a similar lyrical approach — articulate, incisive, sometimes vitriolic scenarios either documenting the nuances of a hostile world at large, or focusing on embittered love and the foibles of male/female relationships. Both appeared as lounge-suited cynics mistaken for victims of the 'angry young man' syndrome.

And both appeared to share similar musical influences — from the Beatles of their own youth to the music their parents listened to and enjoyed: Cole Porter, Gershwin, Louis Jordan, Cab Calloway. (Costello's affectation with the song/dance exponents of the 30s and 40s was to surface on his last LP, *Imperial Bedroom*.)

And where Joe paid direct homage to Jordan and Calloway (among others) on *Jumpin' Jive*, his fascination with the songwriters of the same era threads through his own compositions on *Night And Day*. (The very title of last year's album echoes the Porter song of the same name.)

Joe's *Jive* period had hardly been a time for slacking off in the writing department — in between copious tour schedules, he'd nursed the concept of *Night And Day* — a manifestation of his growing disenchantment with the grey vacuity of life in England. It seemed the more he saw of the States, the more he was drawn to the idea of living and working there. One city in particular appealed to his sensibilities — New York. . .

"I was fed up with London. That's a pretty good reason for leaving, isn't it? I've always been in love with New York since the first time I went there about four years ago. And it was always frustrating to just be there for a few days at a time, and not being able to spend time and actually live there, and travel in the subway and things like that. So I did it.

"During that whole *Jive* period and since then, I'd been gradually putting together ideas for the *Night And Day* album. So I guess it's been all-in-all quite a long time in the making, a couple of years."

Though it was a long, slow culmination, the LP was nevertheless permeated with the ambience of the 'city that never sleeps' — apart from pointed lyrical references, the music is reflected with its cosmopolitan *oeuvre*, and encompasses a similarly wide range of ethnic influences, from downbeat jazz to upvibe salsa, all peppered with a distinctly Latin flavour. But this was no sudden fascination, and no passing flirtation either.

"As long as three or four years ago, I was driving other members of my band crazy by insisting on playing salsa tapes in the touring bus, so I think everyone kind of gradually got used to that. It's not something I suddenly decided to do either. It's music that I'd been listening to for a long time."

More than anything, New York was the catalyst for Joe's multi-faceted musical vision. Soaking up the atmosphere between his East Village digs and the all-night clubs, Jackson rejoiced in his new-found environment. Largely eschewing the established rock venues for the smaller, infinitely more ambient jazz/latin/salsa haunts, he was able to lend to *Night And Day* a richness of feel he'd only managed to approximate on earlier albums. For the first time, his work exuded *happiness*, a pervading contentment with his lifestyle — bitterness gave way to a more relaxed optimism; even Joe's sense of humour underwent a change for the positive, despite blackness of songs like *Cancer* and *T.V. Age*.

For the recording of *Night And Day* proper, Joe retained his rhythm section nucleus of Graham Maby and old mate Larry Tolfree on drums. Adding only percussionist Sue Hadjopoulos, Joe handled all keyboards, alto sax and vibes — and singing with renewed assurance, made *Night And Day* a triumph of form over content

For the current tour, Jackson has assembled a formidable combo — augmenting the lineup on *Night And Day* with two keyboard players (Joy Askew and Ed Rynesdal). So who needs guitars?

"There was always a struggle getting (guitarist) Gary (Sanford) to play the things I wanted, so in many ways it's easier with two keyboard players. There wasn't much doubt in my mind that we could rearrange at least a pretty decent amount of the old stuff without guitars.

"And the audiences don't shout 'Where are the guitars?' very often, because we make it sound good enough that it doesn't occur to them."

Right. . .seeing Joe Jackson in concert, you forget that guitars have held rock'n'roll to ransom for so long. But then, Joe's progressed far beyond the limitations of the genre. . .

"I'm not a rock star. I'm a songwriter and musician and to some extent an entertainer as well. . ."

"I am an optimist. From where it is, music is mostly all right, or at least in a healthy state for the future. In spite of the fact that it may sound as though it is being held hostage."
— Duke Ellington (from sleeve notes: *Night And Day*, 1982)

— All quotes in **Bold** courtesy of *Musician* magazine, copyright 1983.
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SPORTING a rather baggy, rather Fifties red suit and black shirt, the gangly J.J. looked cool and spiv-sharp as he stepped centre stage at Melbourne's Concert Hall. Straight into *Another World* from his recent best selling *Night And Day* album which constituted the chief focus for the night's performance. After rousing renditions of such finger snappin' earlier choons like the acerbic *Sunday Papers* and modish *Look Sharp*, Joe welcomed us to his first show in Australia, adding that "I feel that in this place we should be doing Mozart!"

Continuing with two more selections from the current album, *Breaking Us In In Two* and *Cancer*, the sheer virtuosity of this combo was beginning to sink in. It was astonishing to witness the deft and faithful transposition of the luxuriant aural textures of *Night And Day* replete with all the sparkle and vivacity of the studio original.

The line-up included the novelty of two synthesisers (Ed Rynesdal and Joy Askew), kit drums (Larry Tolfree), percussion (Sue Hadjopoulos) and bass guitar (Graham Maby), leaving Jackson to take solos on sax, piano and timbales.

The players all showed a good feel for the material, especially in the superbly sympathetic interplay between Sue Hadjopoulos on timbales and congas and Larry Tolfree on drums. On top of this the two synthesiser players were able to programme the exact melodic ingredient necessary for the particular sound or style. Ed Rynesdal also added violin to Jackson's impassioned rendition of his ode to the male ego, *Real Men*. This was followed by a spirited accappella version of J.J's early hit, *Is She Really Going Out With Him?* displaying the vocal talents of all the band.

Joy Askew

The back lighting superbly augmented the performance with dramatic changes from white screen to red featuring a section of the Union Jack as a motif. Lesser bands suffering from the burdensome overkill of too many lights in their show, should take note of Joe's pared down but effective lighting, and small but totally excellent P.A. system.

There were a few initial problems with an excess of bass and some distortion; but thankfully rectified in due course.

The next instalment included *Jumpin' Jive*, with all the swing and be-bop overtones recalling the legendary Louis Jordan and Cab Calloway. Amazingly the two synths were able to create that big band sound *without* [illegible] leaving Joe to add his sax solos over the top. *Night and Day* followed with a Broadway backdrop creating a romantic and a very New York state of mind.

For the first part of the performance the audience had remained enthusiastic but seated, though during *Stepping Out* droves rushed down the aisles and proceeded to jump and jive to this obvious dance number. Needless to say they stayed dancing till the conclusion of the show. The audience were lucky because despite the fact that the set was limited by the Australian Musicians Union time limit of two hours, Joe was able to come back for six encores which featured his sassy Tamla Motown bracket. Getting right down to it Joe sang *Uptight, I'm Gonna Make You Love Me, How Sweet It Is To Be Loved By You*, featuring J.J. on sax.

All in all it was a glittering night of spectacular performances showcasing the varied talents of Joe Jackson. It also laid to rest all the myths concerning Joe's so-called contempt for audiences. His warm and responsive handling of the crowd showed that he is indeed a truly professional artist who was obviously greatly impressed with both the venue and the quality of the audience. Given that Melbourne was the first place that the album (*Night And Day*) and the single *Real Men* topped charts right across the world, it's not surprising that Joe kicked off this tour here at Melbourne's Concert Hall.

Joe's softly spoken manager, John Telfer, responding to a question on just why Melbourne is often regarded as the acid test for many overseas acts said, "I agree, even for us coming from England or America, we hear more originating from Melbourne than we do from Sydney."

How did he feel about the venue? "I think the Concert Hall was a lovely place to play. There's always a problem when you play in a hall like this; the sound on stage is really for an acoustic band or an orchestra, so as soon as you have electrified instruments on stage the sound bounces around for the musicians, so it's very difficult for them to work on a stage like this."

Given the restricted time on stage as stipulated by the Musicians Union, were they able to give the performance they wanted? "We couldn't give the full show that we've given around the world (2½ hours), which is split into two with the encores. We did two hours tonight which wasn't too bad. There's rules and sometimes these rules can work to your advantage — just doing half an hour less than you've done before means that Joe could cram in a couple of more shows in Australia."

And you'd be mad to miss them. This compact combo delivers big fun, and Joe balances all his styles — from crazy beat to be-bop croon to soulful salsa — with consummate art and enjoyment. There are [illegible] to travel all around us — step over them and see The Man.

Is This The True Spirit Of America?

ARTHUR BAYSTING calls the man whose weird bits make sense.

SCENE ONE: Sydney's Hyde Park, 1982
Fifty thousand people have marched through the city protesting the dangers of nuclear war. Before Nobel Prizewinner Patrick White speaks about superpower insanity, a tall girl with a guitar comes to the microphone and sings:

'We'll save Australia
Don't wanna hurt no kangaroo
We'll build an All-American amusement park there
They got surfing too.
Boom goes London and Boom Paree
More room for you and more room for me
They all hate us anyhow,
So let's drop the big one now.'

SCENE TWO: Sydney's Kings Cross, 1980
A slightly sleazy cabaret. Onstage under red lights, a man with breasts and a large moustache mimes into a mike. Another man, this one with *huge* breasts, climbs on a chair and starts to strip.

'Come on over here
Stand on this chair
Shake 'em. . .
You give me reason to live!'

When one transvestite exits astride the other's shoulders, the collection of allsorts in the audience applauds warmly. In the space of a song, the atmosphere is suddenly dripping with decadence.

OTHER strange scenes. . . The 'League of Little People' in the USA complaining about the vicious so-called anti-dwarf song that is polluting the airwaves. . . The divine Bette Midler announcing Academy Award contenders for best soundtrack: "And next. . . my *personal* favourite. . . *Ragtime*". . . Or back in New Zealand during the early 70s, where a group of censors are doing their weekly scan of new record releases. They gravely listen to Alan Price's version of *Tickle Me*, and promptly ban it from the airwaves. So what is this — cheap surrealism?

Almost. But there's a link with the guy who composed these songs, a 40-year-old Californian who has written for a living since he was 16, released his first album when he was 25, and has performed and recorded for a respectably sized cult audience ever since. He's even had the odd hit, *Short People* being the most recent, though the successful cover versions of his songs by other artists were probably pretty useful in balancing the Newman family accounts.

But if *Tickle Me* could get banned, then a lot of performers would think twice about touching most of Newman's repertoire. 'Cos Randy Newman has a reputation for the bizarre, and quite a few of his songs deal with *unusual* relationships. Sometimes you don't know whether to laugh or cry. . . If he's a pop songwriter, how come he sounds so different from what's on the radio? If he's a serious Artist, how come all the cheap jokes?

Now I hear he's finally coming to Australia this month, and there's going to be some interviews. Maybe I can ask him about all this, unload all these Serious Questions I've been wondering about for years. Only trouble is that it's the dreaded PHONE interview. . .

I call him at the appointed time and he'll be back in an hour. I go out for breakfast and half an hour later he rings me. When I get back I call him and the line is busy. Eventually we connect, and yes it is, it's Randy Newman on the other end of the line.

But he sounds so far away! There's a recurring fade which means words get lost. The sound is soupy and the line clicks like scissors snapping in my ear.

Maybe there's dust between us and the satellite. Maybe there's trouble at the Pine Gap monitoring station. . .

"I can hear you," says Randy.

We work out that while it's ten in the morning in Sydney it's four o'clock in the afternoon in Los Angeles, but on a different day. That could be the problem. Either way it makes it hard to ask the Serious Questions. Maybe it's just as well. . .

So. What have you heard about Australia?

"Other performers who've played it say they liked it a lot. New Zealand also. I spoke to Ry Cooder about it and he said it was good. There's a lot of good music coming out of there."

Like for instance?

"I admire the stuff that Men At Work does. It's very, very hard to do — write the sort of tuneful stuff that has some kind of content."

How about the mellow invasion? Has he listened to Air Supply?

"Uh. . . less interesting to me. I don't know it as well as Men At Work. My kid bought the Men At Work album so I heard it all forwards and backwards."

The phone line sounds a bit clearer, so maybe I can get some family details. I ask him if this is the kid who has shaved his head and is fronting a band called Armed Response?

"Hell no. This is Eric, the middle one. Amos, the fourteen-year-old, is pure hardcore punk."

Another Newman picture flashes through my head. The guy proposing to his sweetheart:

'We'll have a kid, or maybe we'll rent one. . . He's got to be straight, we don't want a bent one.'

I let it go. Instead I suggest that some people might say he was into the hardcore *himself*.

"Yeah. . .y'know, that's true. I hear some of the stuff that my kid thinks is real outlandish that isn't *nearly* as rough as some of the stuff I've done."

So how do we reconcile these two — the serious composer and the writer of raunchy numbers like *Maybe I'm Doing It Wrong?*

"Different jobs. The movie (*Ragtime*) was a serious music job, and I'm serious about music. But when you make an album you do what you want. Or *I* always do."

I suggest that they should have put the big song on *Ragtime's* opening credits, instead of at the end where it didn't really help the film.

"Yeah, I wanted it at the front, but they do what they do. There were lots of bosses. I like working with the orchestra, but I didn't like having to deal with all the people."

THE line fades, and when it comes back up, Newman is inexplicably talking about Perth.

". . . know what I always wanted to see? Perth! I think I'm playing there. Seems like it's so far away. Like it's right around the other side of the world from here. I look forward to seeing Perth."

I tell him about the peace marchers and the transvestites, and about a just-published local review of his new record which calls it "a grand canyon of an album".

"Jeez, that's great. I have no way of knowing whether they know me in any of these places until I've been there. I'm glad to hear they know who I am."

Anything to say about *Trouble In Paradise*?

"It's about people with. . . problems of one sort or another. Got songs about three cities — LA, Miama and Capetown. All possible paradises, none of which really turned out that way."

On *Christmas in Capetown*, the narrator drives his kid brother out to the diamond mine at five in the morning.

'The niggers were waitin' in a big long line
You know those big old lunch pails they carry, man
With a picture of Star Wars painted on the side
They were starin' at us real hard with their big ugly yellow eyes.
You could feel it. . .'

Newman has never been to South Africa. It'll be his first visit to Australia, but that hasn't stopped him writing about it. In fact part of his method seems to be to write

Newman has never been to South Africa. It'll be his first visit to Australia, but that hasn't stopped him writing about it. In fact part of his method seems to be to write from a distance. People who write stories don't have to justify nasty characters. But when Newman writes in the guise of a racist or a pervert, or an honest, god fearin' patriot, or even God Himself, some listeners get confused — like, who is this nut? But the point is that the opinions in his songs are not necessarily his. Simple as that.

HE ALSO gets a lot of people nosing into his childhood. Like the guy who wrote *Davy The Fat Boy* must have been fat; though the writer of *Short People* might not have been short and had an ugly childhood. A full-page story in *Time* magazine went on about his feelings of inadequacy caused by growing up with squinty eyes. This, they suggest, helps explain his work. They cap it by printing the only photo I've ever seen of him where his eyes look weird.

Perhaps, understandably, he hasn't done many interviews. But when he did no promotion at all for the *Born Again* LP a few years back, it went down the toilet. Nothing wrong with the songs, it just didn't do the half million units or so his albums generally do.

So this time it's a world tour, photo sessions, interviews. It's been a long time since he was on the road.

"I'm doing *everything* this time. The record industry's in trouble. You can't be hip any more — it's time to start working for a living."

Randy has even done a promo video clip, his first ever. It's for *I Love LA*, a spirited defence of his home town, and it has more tit shots than a Queensland tourist commercial.

"Not that the Chamber of Commerce is likely to adopt it as the city's theme song. . . unless of course they're idiots. But it was really fun doing it. Riding round with the pretty girl in the car. . . nice weather. I didn't have to do any thinking, particularly. It was pretty much someone else's responsibility. It was great. I'd like to be an actor — no brains. . . nothing."

So is video the new art form they say it is?

"No. . . I don't know. . . no it's not. I don't think it's a big art form. I don't even know whether this kind of music *is* an art form. The record companies are desperate to get around radio somehow, but I don't think video is that big a deal yet. Maybe it is for Duran Duran."

Would he do a video with Paul Simon, who sings *The Blues* with him on the new album?

"I don't think so. But when I sang it in New York, he came out on stage and surprised me."

Newman has sung on his albums with the Eagles, Bob Seger, Linda Ronstadt, Wendy Waldman, Jennifer Warnes, Rickie Lee Jones, Christine McVie, Lindsay Buckingham and more. Who's next. . . Michael Jackson?

"Jesus, I don't know. I don't think he'd have me — not after *Christmas in Capetown*."

Newman readily admits that along with his serious stuff there's a strong streak of vulgarity running through his work. A good example from *Paradise* is a beer-drinking rocker with a great riff that sounds like real Top Ten stuff. *Party at My House Tonight* might be the one to chug up to the top of the charts and get the kids dancing.

But hold it. In the very last verse, we hear about the little redhead someone's bringing along. The one with:

'That little blue vein right beneath her breast
Man, those nipples
Pink as a rosebud!
Hey, Bobby, get the rope. . .
All right!
There's a party at my house tonight.'

No. This one is not the Top 10 hit. It's safe to say that this one won't even make the playlists.

Neither will *O'Reilly's Hat*, one of Newman's few unrecorded songs. It's about an Irish jockey who was so pure that he never drank and never used bad language when women were around. One of his friends decides to play a practical joke on him, and so:

'He took O'Reilly's hat
In which he shat a mighty shat. . .
Ah, we laughed till we had almost lost our senses.'

So, if business is so bad, how come he doesn't try and write hits?

"Uh, I used to. I really did. But I never succeeded much. And I used to get people covering the songs. Alan Price did a lot of good things. . ."

Not to mention Ray Charles, Barbra Streisand, Neil Diamond and Joe Cocker.

"Yeah. But it doesn't happen so much anymore. The songs have gotten too strange for anyone else to do."

So if he's not after hit songs, what's he on about?

"I dunno. I wonder about that. I like to make people laugh. Maybe too much."

I'D BEEN saving the Serious Questions, but somehow a soupy phone link is not the place to ask them. I was going to suggest that the weirder his songs get, the more accurate they are. I was going to ask him about his musical characterisations of little criminals and big ones. . . about the connection between Music and Real Life.

I even had a statistic up my sleeve, taken from the *Sydney Morning Herald*. It gives the International Handgun Death-rate for 1979:

Britain had eight fatalities. Sweden had 21. West Germany recorded 42. Japan 48. Canada 52. The United States of American had ten thousand, seven hundred and seventy-eight. . .

I wondered what Newman thought of Reagan's plan to put Cruise and Pershing II nuclear missiles into Europe next year. The ones that will cut down to three minutes the time that Russia has to decide if she's really under attack or if she just has a faulty computer chip. I wanted to know whether Andropov or Reagan really would save Australia.

I would have liked to suggest to him that his bizarre collection of freaks, sexual inadequates and Saturday-night desperadoes make up a more accurate picture of the USA than the combined total recorded works of Neil Diamond, John Denver, Barry Manilow, the Eagles, the Beach Boys and all the rest. . .

Randy Newman would have laughed and told me to lighten up. He might have mentioned the game of Australian football he just happened to catch this week on the television.

And after all, this heavy kind of stuff is not going to sell concert tickets.

So here's the plug. In 1974, my girlfriend and I went to the USA and drove across it in a car that we bought for a hundred dollars. It was the craziest six months of my life, and one of the highlights was a concert we caught in San Francisco. More than all the books and movies since, it helped explain the terrible lost innocence that is the USA.

It wasn't a band, it was just Randy Newman and a piano. He made me laugh *and* cry. He's worth getting to see.

'America, America
Step out into the light
You're the best dream man has ever had. . .
And may all your Christmases be white.'

(All song quotes copyright Randy Newman)

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GRADUATING TO THE GIRDLE

EVEN if Dustin Hoffman had won an Oscar for *Tootsie*, it's highly unlikely that his pin-up posters will be adorning many teenagers' bedroom walls in this decade.

It isn't that the puffin's nose and receding chin disqualify him from the Blue-tack and drawing-pin treatment: look at Pete Townshend. It isn't that he plays much of *Tootsie* in drag: look at all the AC/DC impersonations in the charts since Andy Warhol rolled that narcissistic number off the production line at the Factory in the Sixties. No — what keeps Hoffman from being up there next to El Clinto, McQueen, Nicholson and De Niro is that he keeps changing his appearance, and he doesn't seem to stand for anything except excellence in his craft.

Everything about him resists heroic casting, and after a mild break-out against suburban hypocrisy in the film that made his name, he has since avoided identification with rebellion. He was 30 when he made *The Graduate*, playing a diffident, blazered young man who gets seduced by his girlfriend's mother. It grossed close to 40 million dollars in its year of release (1967) in the US alone, and initiated a new trend towards movies without established stars. A whole generation fondly remembers those gawping glimpses of young Hoffman's face as Anne Bancroft peels the black lingerie from her promise, and the lovely soundtrack music by Simon & Garfunkel. The star, however, remained unimpressed. "The film has nothing to do with me. I hated making it."

He followed it up with *Midnight Cowboy,* playing the tubercular pimp to Jon Voight's aspiring stud-for-rent. Coughing on a resident fagend, stubbled, hair wetted back like a hedgehog in a high wind and matting over the grubby collar of his raincoat, Hoffman became Ratso Rizzo.

The nickname underpinned his interpretation of the part: he looked as if he lived on the litter of society, the tin cans and cast-offs, and would scuttle up a drain if caught in a torch beam. This performance also issued a declaration in the most intransigent terms that Dustin Hoffman was not about to sit still for the type-casting of the old star system.

Most serious actors caught in the Hollywood sausage-machine only opt for disguise when they're stuck deep in contract quota. Orson Welles, Marlon Brando... safe behind the mask, they're not really — they hope — associated with this crock of crap. On the other hand, Hoffman loves the make-up box — the No. 9, the twist of grey-beard, the bald wig, the challenge of being someone else entirely. In his case, this is not theatrical camp. Whoever emerges from his dressing-room with the big gold star on the door twists like a ferret in a fist.

Like everybody else, he did a swinging souffle with *John And Mary,* then *Who Is Harry Kellerman And Why Is He Saying These Terrible Things About Me?,* and *Alfredo Alfredo.* The latter, an Italian sex comedy by Pietro Germi, dubbed the actor (which is one radical concealment) while the inbred post-therapy title concealed director Ulu Grosbard, caught too early, but later to rise with De Niro and Duvall for the great *True Confessions.*

Hoffman hitched up with Arthur Penn for *Little Big Man,* which held out the promise of playing a frontier pioneer at every age from callow teens to an incredible hundred-and-something, with the added twist that the senior creaker in the Old Folks Home may have been making it up. Then he fell in with Sam Peckinpah for *Straw Dogs.* It is as difficult to act in a Peckinpah movie as it was in a Hitchcock. The director, hag-ridden, Jacobean, driven, arranges his biting-bright filaments — and then chops and edits the shit out of them. Hoffman wound up as the cuckold that turned. Who doesn't with Sam P?

Papillon paid Hoffman a million-and-a-quarter and McQueen two million straight. Hollywood may have been reeling from the box-office receipts of unsexy non-entities, but it knew enough to know that every turnaround carries an equal passenger list pointing the other way, ready for the reaction against the reaction. Steve McQueen played the hero. Maybe it was having Hoffman's trailer next to his, but McQueen has never brought so much to the party. It is Hollywood's revenge on Hoffman for not playing the image game. Stuck behind bottle-top glasses, adenoidal gape and carrying the money for McQueen's escapes from Devil's Island in a finger-stall up his rectum, Hoffman's convict counterfeiter is taught a lesson in Wall Street star power.

ACTING can be solitary virtuosity, and it can be group chemistry. Hoffman plunged on the solitary trajectory with *Lenny,* a biopic about Lenny Bruce. He'd been stretched with Voight, seen off by McQueen, and perhaps needed to nominate the shots. The problem was that Lenny Bruce, so tractable on the page, cast a ghost that even Spielberg couldn't handle. How do you sell 'great but not-nice'? The real stand-up comedian was a cynical, brilliant bastard.

"When Hoffman's Lenny tells the people in a club that he feels like urinating on them, Hoffman's tone is uncertain and his blank face says that he doesn't understand why Bruce felt that way," said Pauline Kael. You have to be hipster to play hipster, which isn't a matter of adrenalin, contempt and anything less than years of card-carrying life-style.

All The President's Men, the true story of the *Washington Post's* Woodward & Bernstein pulling down a President, may have taught Hoffman another lesson: don't co-star if the other guy is producing. Robert Redford's range as an actor is smaller than McQueen's, but he had the say on the print. So Hoffman's Bernstein smoked, hustled and invested the part with a sense of the hack's life lived — but it's Redford you remember. The best shot in the film has Redford's Woodward typing away like a termite, dwarfed by a huge TV screen of Nixon, but gaining. This is not acting, but it is winning, and the nature of film and finance determines reputations.

Most great actors in our time have pushed the boat out on suffering. Brando, Clift, Newman, Steiger — all the Method stars — have trailed a sado-masochism 40 foot high, and been beaten to pulp, had the hand maimed, the body cramped in punishment boxes and the soul tormented. *One-Eyed Jacks, From Here to Eternity, Cool Hand Luke, The Pawnbroker.* De Niro, really a throwback to that school of screen acting, has bet on pain too with *Raging Bull.*

So far, Hoffman's suffering has been mainly restricted to the Oscar-winning emotional anguish of *Kramer vs Kramer*, and the horrors of the Nazi dentist's drill in *Marathon Man.* Olivier, who played the Nazi, considered Hoffman one of the world's greatest film actors, but added "why doesn't the boy just act? Why must he go through all this storm and stress?"

Olivier, of course, has never been sympathetic to the almost psychotically internationalized Americans, but there is no doubt that Hoffman can be as much fun to work with as Barbra Streisand. Robert Benton, who directed *Kramer vs Kramer,* said that "he has the unfortunate ability to smell when something is wrong and to throw himself into the cogs of the machine until it has ground to halt in order to get it right." Hoffman is a perfectionist. "For me, it's trying to hit the perfect ball."

ON SCREEN, his perpetual dissatisfaction often pokes through the performance as tension. The choked down voice, the nervy hydraulics of the adam's apple, the flickering smile, the sense of an obsessive self-analysis have, until recently, been personal characteristics that he has been unable to jettison in performance. Crosbard's underrated *Straight Time* capitalised on all this by casting Hoffman as a psychotic habitual small-time thief. He was brilliant. "One leaves the theatre hoping the character will die slowly and painfully in a hail of bullets," wrote *Variety*, exasperated by such unchangeable wilfulness.

Close to Mrs. Robinson

Even closer to Ms. Tootsie

The sex change for *Tootsie* — the ultimate disguise — has finally allowed the actor to liberate himself from his trademarks. He is someone else entirely. His performance as Dorothy Michaels is not the simple drag act of *Some Like It Hot, Victor Victoria* or *Charley's Aunt,* but a whole, complex layered creation.

He was paid four-and-a-half million dollars for the film, and insisted on a year-and-a-half's makeup tests before committing himself. *Tootsie* went through three directors and eight writers. Director Sydney Pollack described it as "the story of a guy who puts on a dress and, by so doing, becomes a better man." It's also the story of a fine actor who puts on a dress and becomes a great one. There are interestingly confessional moments too. Hoffman plays an unemployable actor, blacklisted because of his pernickety attitude on the set: he cut up even as a tomato in a salad commercial! In the words of his agent, he is "a cult failure".

Dustin Hoffman has come a long way from what Pauline Kael described as "the perennial urban weakling-adolescent, doomed to swallow spit forever." As an actor, he might have had an easier time of it if, like De Niro, he had found one empathetic director like Scorsese to grow with. If you're on your own, you can run your battery down just resisting the circuitry of the star system.

BRIAN CASE follows DUSTIN HOFFMAN's career from swimming pool to drag act.

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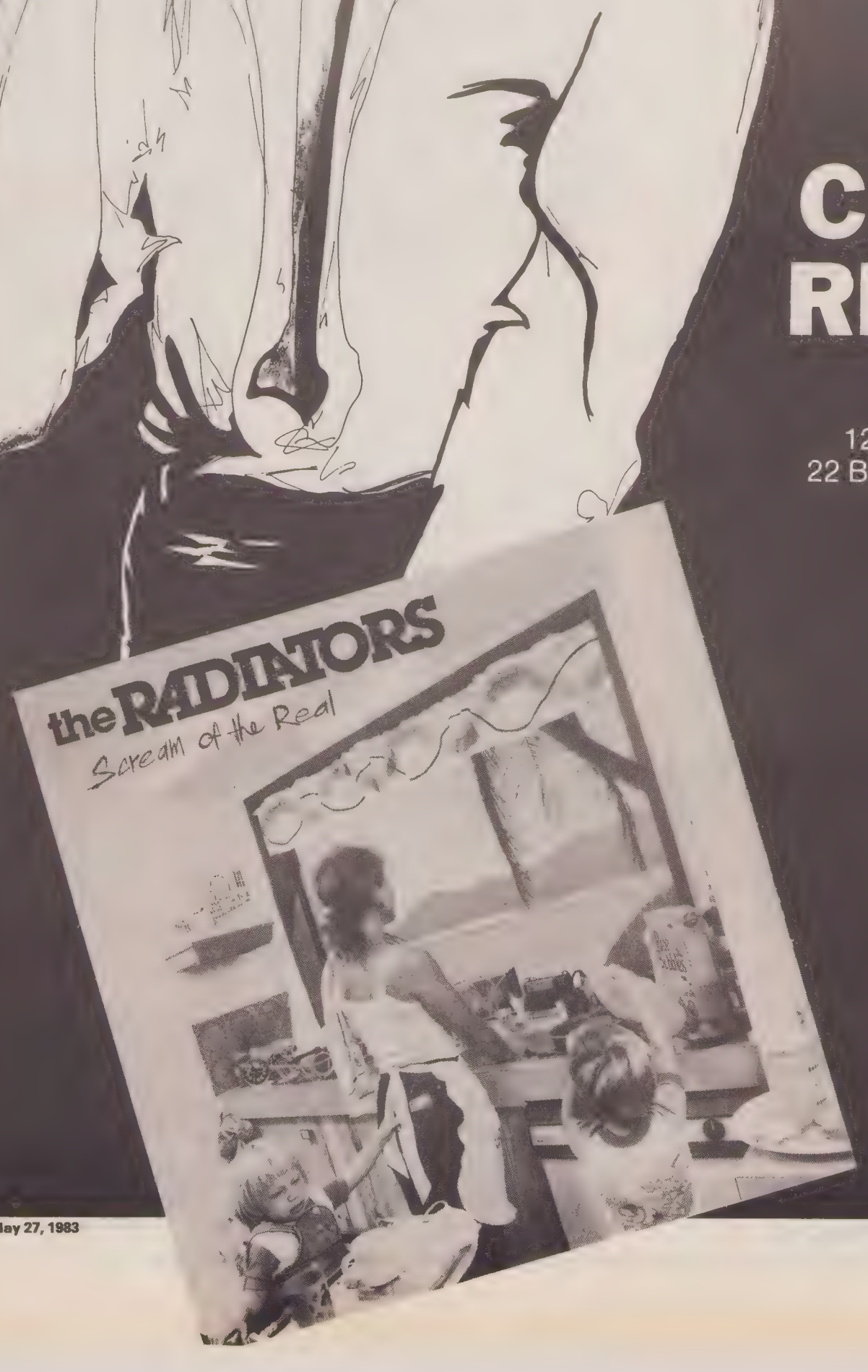

CHARTZ

UK45S

1	1	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie
2	3	**BEAT IT**	Michael Jackson
3	2	**CHURCH OF THE POISON MIND**	Culture Club
4	5	**WORDS**	F.R. David
5	22	•**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet
6	12	•**LOVE IS A STRANGER**	Eurythmics
7	6	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order
8	16	•**FASCINATION**	Human League
9	13	**THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT**	Tracie
10	4	**BREAKAWAY**	Tracey Ullman
11	21	•**TRUE LOVE WAYS**	Cliff Richard & LPO
12	9	**BOXERBEAT**	JoBoxers
13	10	**OOH TO BE AH**	Kajagoogoo
14	24	•**WE ARE DETECTIVES**	Thompson Twins
15	7	**IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW**	Duran Duran
16	18	**TEMPTATION**	Heaven 17
17	8	**FIELD OF FIRE**	Big Country
18	19	**YOUNG, FREE AND SINGLE**	Sunfire
19	30	•**ROSANNA**	Toto
20	17	**I AM ME**	Twisted Sister
21	11	**SNOT RAP**	Kenny Everett
22	23	**SHE'S IN PARTIES**	Bauhaus
23	—	•**MISS THE GIRL**	Creatures
24	—	**FRIDAY NIGHT**	Kids from Fame
25	14	**WHISTLE DOWN THE WIND**	Nick Heyward
26	—	**FLIGHT OF ICARUS**	Iron Maiden
27	20	**CELTIC SOUL BROTHERS**	Kevin Rowland & Dexys Midnight Runners
28	—	**LAST FILM**	Kissing The Pink
29	—	**OVERKILL**	Men at Work
30	15	**SPEAK LIKE A CHILD**	Style Council

UKLPS

1	1	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie
2	3	•**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson
3	2	**THE FINAL CUT**	Pink Floyd
4	7	•**FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT**	Bonnie Tyler
5	5	**THE HURTING**	Tears For Fears
6	6	**SWEET DREAMS**	Eurythmics
7	4	**WAR**	U2
8	9	**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet
9	8	**THE KEY**	Joan Armatrading
10	10	**RIO**	Duran Duran
11	11	**QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK**	Thompson Twins
12	13	**CHART RUNNERS**	Various Artists
13	18	•**LOCAL HERO**	Mark Knopfler
14	12	**SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR**	Marillion
15	19	**TOTO 4**	Toto
16	27	•**KIDS FROM FAME LIVE**	Kids from Fame
17	14	**INARTICULATE SPEECH OF THE HEART**	Van Morrison
18	15	**HELLO, I MUST BE GOING**	Phil Collins
19	17	**DAZZLE SHIPS**	In The Dark
20	16	**DEEP SEA SKIVING**	Bananarama
21	28	•**PRIDE**	Robert Palmer
22	—	**WHITE FEATHERS**	Kajagoogoo
23	20	**NIGHT AND DAY**	Joe Jackson
24	21	**POWER AND THE GLORY**	Saxon
25	—	**JOURNEY THROUGH THE CLASSICS**	Louis Clark and the RPO
26	—	•**HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN**	Aztec Camera
27	22	**LIONEL RICHIE**	Lionel Richie
28	29	**THE HIGH ROAD**	Roxy Music
29	23	**THUNDER AND LIGHTNING**	Thin Lizzy
30	26	**TRICK OF THE LIGHT**	Modern Romance

US45S

1	2	**MR ROBOTO**	Styx
2	1	**COME ON EILEEN**	Dexys Midnight Runners
3	4	**BEAT IT**	Michael Jackson
4	3	**BILLIE JEAN**	Michael Jackson
5	6	**JEOPARDY**	Greg Kihn Band
6	7	**DER KOMMISSAR**	After The Fire
7	6	**ONE ON ONE**	Daryl Hall and John Oates
8	10	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie
9	11	**SHE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE**	Thomas Dolby
10	—	**YOU ARE**	Lionel Richie

USLPS

1	1	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson
2	5	**THE FINAL CUT**	Pink Floyd
3	3	**FRONTIERS**	Journey
4	4	**KILROY WAS HERE**	Styx
5	2	**BUSINESS AS USUAL**	Men at Work
6	6	**PYROMANIA**	Def Leppard
7	7	**LIONEL RICHIE**	Lionel Richie
8	8	**H2O**	Daryl Hall & John Oates
9	10	**RIO**	Duran Duran
10	—	**THE CLOSER YOU GET**	Alabama

NEW RELEASES

SINGLES

CAIRO ... Amazulu
NO COMMOTION ... Karen Ansell
WAVES ... Blancmange
LET'S GO TO BED ... The Cure
ROCK THE BOAT ... Forrest
CATTLE AND CANE ... The Go-Betweens
(Whistle Down the Wind) HELLO HELLO HOPE YOU'RE FEELING FINE ... Nick Heyward
CRY FOR HOME ... Van Morrison
NO TRAGEDY ... The Radiators
SOUND ON SOUND ... Venetians

ALBUMS

WATCH THE RED ... The Angels
DEEP SEA SKIVING ... Bananarama
BRANIGAN 2 ... Laura Branigan
RENEE LIVE ... Renee Geyer
BEFORE HOLLYWOOD ... The Go-Betweens
WHITE FEATHERS ... Kajagoogoo
SHAKING THE FOUNDATIONS ... Rough Trade
HAVANA MOON ... Carlos Santana
TRUE ... Spandau Ballet
KILROY WAS HERE ... Styx

OZ45S

TW	LW	HP	WI		
1	1	1	7	**BILLIE JEAN**	Michael Jackson
2	2	2	5	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie
3	3	3	8	**1999**	Prince
4	9	4	5	•**OVERKILL**	Men at Work
5	4	1	16	**UP WHERE WE BELONG**	Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes
6	6	6	9	**WHITE WEDDING**	Billy Idol
7	5	5	6	**TOO SHY**	Kajagoogoo
8	15	8	2	•**I WAS ONLY 19 (A Walk in the Light Green)**	Redgum
9	11	9	10	**DON'T PAY THE FERRYMAN**	Chris De Burgh
10	)	10	1	•**IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW?**	Duran Duran
11	8	8	5	**POWER AND THE PASSION**	Midnight Oil
12	12	12	11	**SHOOP SHOOP DIDDY WOP CUMMA CUMMA WANG DANG**	Monte Video & the Cassettes
13	18	13	3	•**DROP THE PILOT**	Joan Armatrading
14	17	14	3	**BUFFALO GALS**	Malcolm McLaren
15	13	1	17	**GLORIA**	Laura Branigan
16	26	16	3	•**SPIRIT GOT LOST**	Mental as Anything
17	10	7	8	**MAD WORLD**	Tears For Fears
18	20	18	4	**SAVE YOUR LOVE**	Renee and Renato
19	16	9	9	**WE'VE GOT TONIGHT**	Kenny Rogers & Sheena Easton
20	—	20	1	•**DER KOMMISSAR (The Commissioner)**	Falco
21	7	2	13	**TWISTING BY THE POOL (EP)**	DIRE STRAITS
22	—	22	1	•**LET THE FRANKLIN FLOW**	Gordon Franklin & the Wilderness Ensemble
23	27	23	2	**LOSING YOU**	Sharon O'Neill
24	23	23	5	**THE BEAT GOES ON**	The Globos
25	24	4	14	**SEXUAL HEALING**	Marvin Gaye
26	33	26	2	•**WHAM RAP! (Enjoy What You Do)**	Wham
27	22	11	10	**TIME (Clock of the Heart)**	Culture Club
28	19	5	11	**LIVING ON THE CEILING**	Blancmange
29	21	20	10	**BABY, I NEED YOUR LOVING**	Carl Carlton
30	30	30	4	**RAZOR'S EDGE**	Goanna
31	25	21	11	**THE MESSAGE**	Grand Master Flash & the Furious Five
32	—	32	1	•**DER KOMMISSAR**	After the Fire
33	37	33	2	**ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE TO REMIND ME**	Naked Eyes
34	29	29	10	**CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU**	Boys Town Gang
35	32	32	8	**STATE OF INDEPENDENCE**	Donna Summer
36	35	34	5	**I KNEW YOU WHEN**	Linda Ronstadt
37	28	7	14	**AFRICA**	Toto
38	34	22	6	**WITH CLOSED EYES**	The Expression
39	31	23	6	**EAT CITY**	The Angels
40	—	40	2	**DO YOU WANNA FUNK**	Sylvester

OZ LPS

TW	LW	HP	WI		
1	22	1	2	•**CARGO**	Men at Work
2	1	1	3	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie
3	3	3	2	**THE FINAL CUT**	Pink Floyd
4	2	2	14	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson
5	4	1	14	**IV**	Toto
6	5	1	22	**10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1**	Midnight Oil
7	6	5	4	**THE KEY**	Joan Armatrading
8	8	1	22	**SPIRIT OF PLACE**	Goanna
9	10	9	4	**WAR**	U2
10	9	6	5	**CREATURES OF LEISURE**	Mental as Anything
11	7	1	31	**LOVE OVER GOLD**	Dire Straits
12	11	3	15	**DESPERATE**	Divinyls
13	14	1	48	**BUSINESS AS USUAL**	Men at Work
14	17	14	9	**THE GETAWAY**	Chris De Burgh
15	15	2	11	**25 YEARS OF GOLD**	Cliff Richard
16	12	3	25	**GREATEST HITS Vol 3**	Olivia Newton-John
17	16	7	10	**ANOTHER PAGE**	Christopher Cross
18	19	15	8	**SKY FIVE LIVE**	Sky
19	25	19	8	•**GREATEST HITS Vol 2**	Little River Band
20	18	18	7	**"AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN"**	Soundtrack
21	38	21	2	•**FOREIGN AFFAIRS**	Sharon O'Neill
22	20	10	17	**HELLO, I MUST BE GOING**	Phil Collins
23	13	8	12	**LIVE AT SEVERAL 21ST'S**	The Party Boys
24	—	24	1	•**A CHILD'S ADVENTURE**	Marianne Faithful
25	21	13	8	**MONEY AND CIGARETTES**	Eric Clapton
26	32	26	2	•**PORCUPINE**	Echo & the Bunnymen
27	24	4	28	**SHABOOH SHOOBAH**	INXS
28	23	23	4	**THE HIGH ROAD (Mini LP)**	Roxy Music
29	39	1	33	•**PRIMITIVE MAN**	Icehouse
30	26	26	5	**1999**	Prince
31	—	31	1	**NOT THE BOY NEXT DOOR**	Peter Allen
31	—	31	1	•**NOT THE BOY NEXT DOOR**	Peter Allen
32	—	14	14	•**RECORDS**	Foreigner
33	31	31	3	**WE'VE GOT TONIGHT**	Kenny Rogers
34	37	14	26	**SCARRED FOR LIFE**	Rose Tattoo
35	—	35	1	•**FRONTIERS**	Journey
36	35	26	15	**"THE KIDS FROM FAME"**	TV Soundtrack
37	40	37	2	**GREATEST HITS Vol 2**	John Denver
38	33	18	9	**MIDNIGHT LOVE**	Marvin Gaye
39	28	8	14	**THE DISTANCE**	Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
40	29	14	15	**LIONEL RICHIE**	Lionel Richie

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Men At No. 1 (Pic: Mark Green)

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All The Time
Bermuda Triangle
I Write The Songs

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SEEN & HEARD

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Crudeness And Shrewdness

COLD CHISEL
(Castle Hill RSL, Sydney)

Reviewing Cold Chisel at this point in their career in Australia is a dubious exercise. They've been around long enough for the most apt phrases to have turned to cliche, and — while both the band and their audience have survived the saturation-point phase of publicity — by now, most of us have a fair idea of whether we like Cold Chisel or not.

I do, and always have. A chronic chocolate-dependency and an equally incurable Chisel-gig habit are my two major weaknesses. Tell me Chisel are playing at a venue with a chocolate bar vending-machine and you couldn't keep me away: bouncers, bad drivers, $20 taxi-fares, well-meaning relatives and strangers in white coats have all tried.

These days I'm loath to open my mouth on the subject of Chisel for fear of excessive slobbering, guaranteed to embarrass myself and everybody else, from their manager to my editor. And when it comes to reviewing a specific gig, there's an even worse prospect: Please God, don't let the show be *awful* tonight. . .

In the event *(and you thought I'd never get to it),* the band are far from terrible. Rough as a shearers' brawl, because they haven't played regularly for a while — but, despite some new arrangements and a handful of untried songs, reassuringly their usual self. With once again their usual lineup, now that Steve Prestwich (whose bad back underwent a miracle cure when a surgeon pronounced the word 'operation') is back behind the drumkit. So instead of wasting space describing yet again what Jim Barnes and Ian Moss look and sound like in action, I'll venture a few opinions on what makes Cold Chisel's 'usual self' so special.

I really do believe that, without actually rubbing our noses in emu-eggs and spinifex, Cold Chisel come close to being the definitive Australian band. It isn't just a question of observing and commenting on the state of the nation, and it isn't purely in the music, which at times can be too obtrusively American in derivation (Australia as a Coca-Cola Colony?). It's more that in performance, in total impact, this outfit embodies basic and abiding Australian characteristics.

There's that much-noted defiance of authority, that larrikin recklessness, the breath-taking pig-headedness and that chip on both shoulders that's said to be the hallmark of a well-balanced Aussie. There's occasional crudeness and there's shrewdness. There's honesty and depth, a general disdain for pretension, glibness and superficiality.

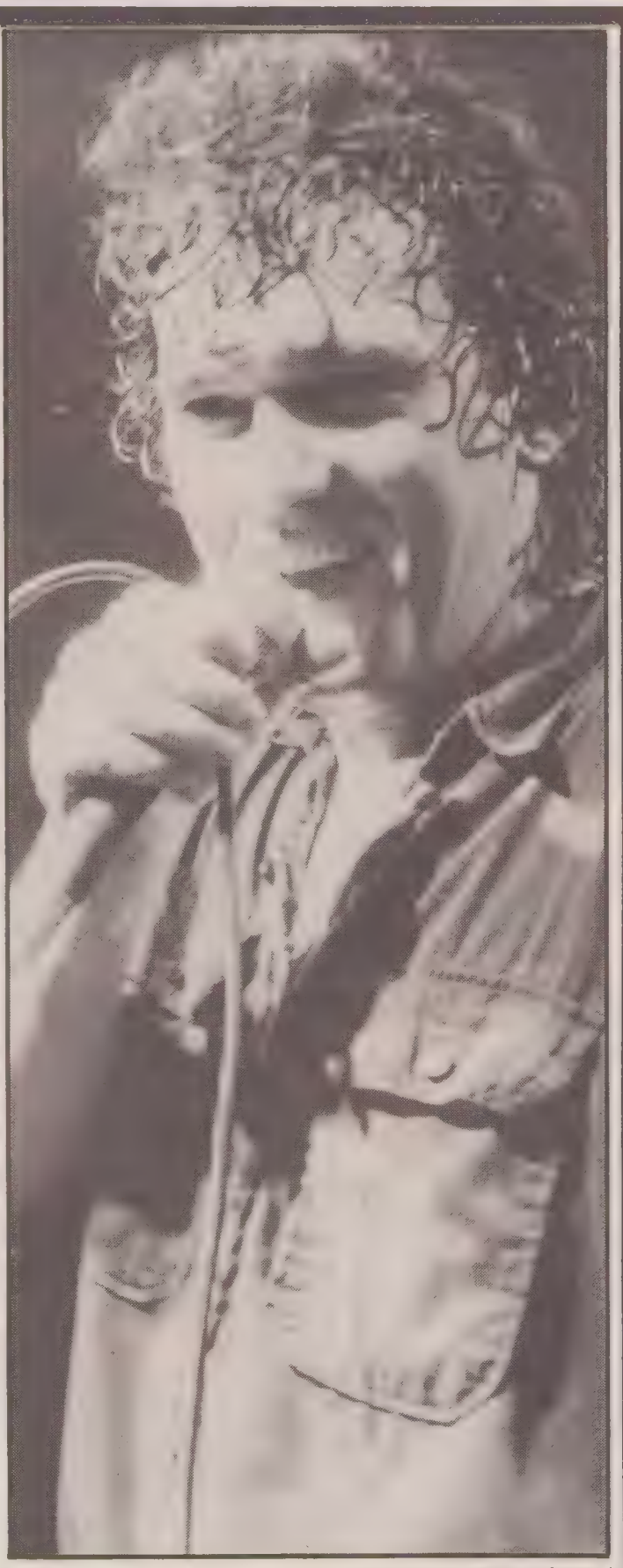
In a Chisel song, a Chisel set, there's an unsettling see-sawing between suspicion of unrestrained emotion, and spasms of violent frustration and anger. There are brilliant bursts and sustained stretches of passion without sentimentality; intensity sharpens all but their most bland material (which, incidentally, could use some working on). And there's pride — not pride in the sense of ego rampant, but pride as fundamental self-respect.

Finally, Cold Chisel have the class and intelligence to use aggression expressively, and this alone lifts them head and shoulders above almost every other hard rock act.

One quibble, for credibility's sake: I have a theory that the least interesting Cold Chisel numbers are those which most narrowly conform to an established musical tradition. For Don Walker to be wasting his time trying to write a three-chord r'n'b classic seems to me a perverse misuse of talent; the results competent, but simply an exercise in form. If you're lucky enough to be gifted with imagination, range and individual style, stretch out. . .

As a fan, I've never felt I was being ripped off or condescended to by this band. Bless them for keeping my squinty little peepers starry.

ELLY McDONALD



Jim Barnes (Pic: Ian Greene)

The Go-Betweens

Well. . . Knock Me Sideways!

THE GO-BETWEENS
Before Hollywood
(Stunn)

The Go-Betweens' debut album (*Send Me A Lullaby*) was one of last year's best, so I had some pretty high expectations for *Before Hollywood*. Without mincing words, this record so far exceeds those expectations that I'm knocked sideways with astonishment. The quantum leap the Go-Betweens have made in such areas as production, playing and most importantly, songwriting, is staggering

As soon as this album starts, you know there's something going on. *A Bad Debt Follows You* and *Two Steps Step Out* kick the album off with an assuredness, an aggression and a command of the materials at hand which, quite simply, weren't present on their previous records. *Bad Debt* is about the dark side of love, a key motif on this album, while *Two Steps* is a kind of potted (auto)biography: both are possessed of irresistible melodies and unforgettable choruses.

Robert Forster's song *Before Hollywood* is an oblique scenario which recalls F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon* in its evocation of rural California during those transitory years when the death of one western dream was giving way to the birth of another. On another level it reminds me of those scenes in *Burden Of Dreams* (a documentary on film maker Werner Herzog) which shows stoneage natives idly playing with spaceage cameras and tape recorders.

In fact 'Burden Of Dreams' would have been a most suitable title for this album, with its hallucinatory imagery, (exemplified on *Dusty In Here*, a portrait of an abortive meeting between long lost lovers or relatives). It sounds like one of those enticingly beautiful folk-rock albums that used to come out on labels like Elektra in the midsixties, records such as Tom Rush's *Circle Game* or *Woodsmoke And Oranges*, by Paul Seibel.

By Chance, a re-recording of the flip-side of *Hammer The Hammer*, is another depiction of the arbitrary side of love: *'Who broke who/Who creamed who/There's no two things/Lovers can do/By chance, we fight.'*

Cattle And Cane, Grant McLennan's remembrance of rural childhood in Queensland, is as touching and evocative as the Band's *When You Awake*. McLennan's lyrical subtlety is best demonstrated when he describes the burning of the sugar cane prior to harvesting. Rather than go for overkill with images of fire, heat and smoke, he gives one detail, *'In the sky a rain of falling cinders'* and in doing so gives us the whole story. Like Baudelaire's *Stranger*, both he and Forster alway keep at least one eye 'to the clouds'.

It's one of their special qualities, and is best demonstrated on the epic litany *As Long As That*. All of their lyrical motifs and obsessions are collected here — the irrational and unreasonable side of love, and awareness of nature even in the heart of the city, the telling detail which informs the whole picture. Here the Go-Betweens' connection between the inner landscape of the mind and the outer landscape of the (un)real world is as convincing as Joseph Conrad's in *Heart Of Darkness*. This is all done over the most elegant melody they have come up with yet. It's here that you really notice the recently added keyboards of expatriate Brisbaneite Bernard Clarke. His luminous organ on *That Way, Bad Debt* and *As Long As That* explores the space between the Band's Garth Hudson and Charles Hodges (Al Green's keyboardist). And always present, a constantly changing heartbeat, the drumming of Lindy Morrison.

Robert Forster and Grant McLennan are writers who work in different directions. Unlike Verlaine and Hell, Kuepper and Bailey, Cale and Reed, whose divergences could not be accommodated in the one band, the differences between Forster and McLennan merely add to the band's strength.

Before Hollywood is an album that fits into a discontinuous lineage which includes such records as the Byrds' *Younger Than Yesterday*, Talking Heads' *77*, the first two albums by the Band, Television's *Marquee Moon*, the third Velvets' album and Love's *Forever Changes:* records by bands who invented their own music and were then at the height of their abilities. And, make no mistake, while paying heed to many other musics, not least that of who tells you the Go-Betweens are have uncompromisingly invented their own. It's sometimes a gentle melody, sometimes it's something altogether more aggressive. (Anyone who tells you the GoBetweens are 'wimps' or that they can't 'rock' simply doesn't know what the hell they're talking about.)

It's been a thrill and a rare pleasure to observe, from varying distances, their gradual yet inexorable growth from two students tentatively picking out the chords to *Karen* and *Lee Remick*, through various stages into the idiosyncratic and unique performers who have produced the mysterious subtlety and grace of *Before Hollywood*

FRANK BRUNETTI

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Guess Who's In The Guest Room SINGLES?

SO anyway, there we were, me and Taylor and Sheil at this nice little boozer in Paddington, and Greg turns to me with a full Guinness, a gleam in his eye, and says, straight out, "Donald, wanna review the singles next issue?"

"Sure," I said unhesitatingly. . .

You may find DONALD ROBINSON, Editor of the excellent (and occasional) *Roadrunner*, contributing a Guest Singles Review. You may ask yourself "Well, what is this thing? How did it get here?" You may have very little idea. . .

HITS (Deserving And Otherwise)

DURAN DURAN
Is There Something I Should Know?
This decade's version of the Beatles (the boys don't know, but the little girls understand — hi there, Charlene!) have issued their latest video soundtrack, but like most soundtracks it don't mean a thing if you ain't seen the movie. I've only glimpsed it once so far, but it looks like a grand follow-up to their previous small screen blockbusters 'The Jungle Book Revisited' (thank you, Rudyard!) and 'Mud Wrestling For Moderns'.

It is, of course, already multi-mega everywhere. Personally, I find it really boring.

THE BIG BOYS
Built For Comfort
Every noticed how a slump in the record industry often coincides with the appearance of comedy records? Comedy and old blues worked pretty well for John Belushi and Dan Ackroyd (the Blues Brothers), and Jonathon 'Fat Is Fun' Coleman and Ricky 'Even Fatter' May obviously felt they could be on a winner with the same combination. They're probably right too, because this resurrection of an old Willie Dixon choon has the stamp of vocal and musical authenticity. The only thing that lets the side down is the rather unfunny talkover at the end.

REDGUM
I Was Only 19
(A Walk In The Light Green)
Now, when the record industry gets *really* desperate it's time for political songs. Goanna's Franklin song was first off the rank, and Redgum's Vietnam Vets opus is a worthy addition to the genre. Like those other classic Australian anti-war songs, *And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda* and *Khe Sahn*, its point — that although wars may end, their effects on the participants linger on — is both timely and relevant. A deserving hit.

THE DEL WEBB EXPLOSION
Gardening As Fine Art
Our very own Down Under Dexies! In the same way and (*cough*) in the very same place as Kevin Rowland, the DWE have astutely mined the past and come up with their own brand of a classic musical style. This is a very good single, and if you have trouble finding it (it's on a small Adelaide label) you can mail order from Greasy Pop (how much do I get for this plug, Doug?): P.O. Box 136, Rundle St., Adelaide, SA 5000. In the immortal words of the bard, 'Do Yourself A. . . etc.'.

KEVIN ROWLAND AND DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS
The Celtic Soul Brothers
And speaking of the thieving magpie himself, sly old Kev has unleashed another superb song from the superb *Too Rye Ay* album, packaged it nicely with a foldout poster, and with *Come On Eileen* about to go No. 1 in the USA, it seems the black-eyed gypsy boy can do no wrong.

GO-BETWEENS
Cattle and Cane
An air of wistful nostalgia pervades this fine effort from the always intriguing Go-Bet's, currently languishing in self-imposed poverty and exile in England's not so green and pleasant. Maybe this delightful slice of Queensland childhood memory will generate enough moola for them to return to their rightful home. Ah, fantasy, fantasy. . .

THE RADIATORS
No Tragedy
After a great debut single (what was it again?) (Coming Home, *as any fule kno — Ed.*), the Rads seemed to sink beneath a mass of label changes and other business difficulties. But this latest offering (on new label EMI) could herald the rediscovery of that early promise. A good solid no-nonsense pop song that starts off slow and understated (always had a good idea of dynamics did the Rads), and builds to a catchy singalong chorus. Didn't think I'd like it nearly as much as I did.

BANANARAMA
Na Na Hey Hey Kiss Him Goodbye
Another nursery rhyme for the young clothes-conscious club-goer, courtesy of the Fun Girl Three. The song, which made someone else famous for the regulation fifteen minutes about ten years ago, is just as trite and catchy as it was then (Where are you Jonathan King?) and will probably rocket the fresh-looking Sloane Ranger Trio to further fame and riches.

ROUGH TRADE
Crime And Passion
A surprisingly detailed and torrid and bloodthirsty tale of gay love — *'writhing in the throes of ecstasy'* indeed! Very, very good single, with great chorus and rhythm.

SMOKEY ROBINSON
I've Made Love To You A Thousand Times
From the stunningly sweet *Touch The Sky* album, this track doesn't really work as a single, but as the culmination of Smokey's unrelenting smooth soul blitzkreig (i.e. on the album). Can be a truly marvellous background to a truly beautiful experience involving two people — you dig?

NEAR MISSES (Including 'Faulty Retreads')

KAREN ANSELL
No Commotion
With a hefty helping hand from Split Enz, including Neil Finn wearing the producer's hat, ex-Reel Karen's debut sing e is a busy, effects-laden electronic montage with a discernible and danceable bass-line, but fails to achieve the heights of true greatness by dint of a muddy melody and a monotonous chorus Better luck next time.

JENNY MORRIS
Little By Little
A tight, sharp and bouncy remake of the Dusty Springfield version from the '60s. If you were too young at the time, worth a listen, but if you remember Dusty, why don't you search out the real thing? I know I will. Thanks for the reminder, Jenny.

DD SMASH
Outlook For Thursday
More Kiwis, (Jenny Morris is a trans-Tasman person who used to sing with the Crocodiles), with massed brass, a reggae feel and a song that makes me wonder if I've just discovered the first Men At Work-influenced 'Down Under' merchants. The song has a few nice touches though, so maybe I'm just being a cynical bastard.

FUN BOY THREE
Tunnel Of Love
I thought this was a revival of a '60s song, but on the label it does say that the Funboys wrote it all by themselves with no-one else's help, so I guess we have to take their word for it, don't we kiddies? A very bitter lyrical pill to swallow (marrying too young and ruining the rest of your life), sweetly coated with impeccable harmonies and a big sugary flamenco beat.

KISSING THE PINK
Watching the Eyes
A thickly layered, dense and atmospher c song that's rather too stern and inaccessible for my taste.

BLANCMANGE
Waves
Although I hated the Human League/Simple Minds pastiche of *Living On The Ceiling*, I rather like this followup. The vocals put me in mind of one Scott Walker, who Julian Cope (ex-Teardrop Explodes) has called a 'God-like genius'. Although I wouldn't go quite that far, Scott was pretty good on *The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore* and all that stuff, and Blancmange have reminded me how good all that stuff was, so I guess I'll be looking for Dusty *and* Scott reissue albums.

PIGBAG
The Big Bean
Cubo-Afro-Salsa-Disco. Adelaide's recently demised Speedboat (*sob*) used to do this sort of stuff tons better. *(God, these Adelaide emigres never let go, do they? — Ed.)*

MISSES (Including 'Should Never Have Been Made')

NORMIE ROWE
Dreaming
Oh, where are the days of *Ooh La La* and *It Ain't Easy?* (very Scott Walker that last one). Time has taken its toll Pop has been overtaken by young Iva and his ilk, and is reduced to and his ilk, and is reduced to peddling mass blandout, Christopher Cross stuff.

EUROGLIDERS
No Action
And they ain't kidding folks! Lyrics and melody swamped by an attack of electronics.

BUCKSKIN
Have This Heart On Me
Australian, but indistinguishable from a whole bunch of other country and western stuff, to these ears anyway. One thing I do take active exception to is the line about *'going to old Mexico'*. What the fuck has that got to do with anything?

AVION
I Need You
A big full Bob Clearmountain sound (redeeming feature) which is fancy packaging for a dull song in the well-ploughed furrow widened recently by such innovative and exciting acts as Styx, Journey, Toto, Asia, Zzzzz.

DOUG ASHDOWN
The World For The Right Kind Of Man
More Christopher Cross stuff.

SHARON O'NEILL
Losing You
Sharon is a slightly better than average songwriter who CBS have backed tigerishly for years, and now that she's sounding like the next Pat Benatar, they might start recouping their losses.

THE HONEYMOON
Love Wakes Up
Formula-pop Australian Crawl clones with a well-put-together piece of radio fodder with no lasting or redeeming features.

TEST PATTERN
Give It Up
A very good piece of advice chaps. Take it.

TESTER HOUSING
The Clock Ticks Over
Melbourne-based duo with some mood music for kindergarten intellectuals. It's cheaper and more productive to listen to the grass grow.

DEF LEPPARD
Photograph
Lots of meat and beat, but who needs these guys when we've got the Tatts?

TOTO COELO
Dracula's Tango
Simpering rubbish.

KING TRIGGER
Temptation
Sub-Echo and the Bunnymen, if that's possible

TEARS FOR FEARS
Change
Young Boys with trendy haircuts being sensitive.

NATASHA
I Can't Hold On
Modern formula female pop — Hazel O'Connor and Abba territory.

IAN GOMM
Leave It To The Music
Former English pub-rocker heading into Hall & Oates-style blue-eyed soul.

THE NAFF
We're On Strike
When I get desperately unfunny political/comedy records like this, I realise that the magnitude of the crisis in the record industry is much larger than I ever imagined. And. . .

JIMMY LITTLE
Beautiful Woman
. . Geriatric aboriginal reggae isn't really going to solve *anything*.

THE ASSASSINS
Assassination
Nor will this frantic anarcho-punk anti-Fraser thrasher (much as the sentiments are spot-on), because one Robert James Lee has stolen its thunder. . .

THE HENCHMEN
I Got A Right
. Nor will trans-Tasman Iggy Pop reruns, and. . .

WORLD WAR XXIV
Azaria
. . .I think dingo songs are probably a dead issue now.

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Funny Stories

Clare Moore of the Moodists (Pix: George Tsoutas)

A Song From Under The Floorboards

SEDITION: A CONTEMPORARY INDEPENDENT MUSIC FESTIVAL
(Sydney Trade Union Club)

So far, 1983 has been a "really great" year for the entertainment business. There has been a veritable overdose of events where self-congratulation and looking back over past achievements have been the order of the day.

From Hollywood we've had the Grammy Awards, dominated by those happy little Vegemites, Men at Work, as well as the more recent Oscars. Locally we've seen the Logies (where even the former Mrs Elvis Presley got to present an award), while the ever beneficent 'oz rock' industry has given us those orgiastic displays of rampant rock nationalism, the *Countdown* Awards and Narara.

Like Howard Devoto's 'song from under the floorboards', *Sedition* was a temporary respite from this suffocating blanket of backslapping and mutual appreciation.*Sedition* was designed, and here I quote from the publicity, to represent "the vast range of talent that we have on our doorsteps and continue to ignore". In that respect it was almost successful. (Of course we all know that this was also part of Hot Records' plans to become Australia's Rough Trade, but that's neither here nor there.)

And so for three nights of the Anzac Day weekend, hordes of post-modern youth and delicate delinquents slummed it up and down the stairs of the Trade Union Club under a banner which, lest we forget (!), said 'Contemporary Independent Music Festival'.

While *Sedition* often became Sedation, especially with regards to some of the 'performance' art, at least it was a chance to see eighteen bands all together in one place. Of those eighteen bands, some I didn't see, some were terrible and the remainder made the whole thing worthwhile.

I didn't expect to like the CELIBATE RIFLES, but their hardcore trash-thrash had, as its saving grace, an acerbic sense of fun. The two guitarists wore Television and Motorhead t-shirts respectively, which kind of summed them up, although a meeting between the power of the Other Side and the Ramones' barrel of laffs would be more accurate. They have a number of worthy original songs to their credit, especially *God Squad,* and the sardonic and deadpan humour of frontman Damian Lovelock is exactly what's needed to breathe life into this kind of music.

HUGO KLANG SOUND SYSTEM ONE is centred around Olly Olsen, who played a similar part in Whirlywirld, one of the few electronic bands I've ever really liked; their second Missing Link EP is almost a masterpiece. Whirlywirld were once described as sounding "not unlike a truckie yelling and screaming as he drives slowly through a china shop". Although the two bands have little in common, that's an apt description of Hugo Klang, except this time the truckie is sounding his horn very loudly and seems to be making his way through a hardware store.

GREAT WHITE NOISE continue to live up to their name. They're a spectacular and frenetic implosion of various genres of modern jazz, and although the colour is black rather than white, they are very noisy and sometimes very great. They have already left their debut cassette of last year far behind. I wonder what the bearded jazz buffs down at the Basement would make of Great White Noise's high speed pile-up of guitar and saxophones and rhythm and noise?

Unfortunately this was THE END's last performance. Since coming to Sydney from Brisbane eighteen months ago they have undergone extensive line-up changes, and as a result they are now more of a conventional rock'n'roll band than they used to be. Their musical obsession, the post-Velvets' school of noisemakers, to a large extent mirrors my own, and I have never found Brett Myers' awkward attempts to explore the territory where Richard Hell parted company with Tom Verlaine less than interesting. See their last gig, as they're always at their best when there's something at stake.

UPSIDE DOWN HOUSE were an unexpected treat. They specialise in a liltingly jazzy folk-pop. Kathleen Stewart has a particularly effective voice, and when (in tandem with sax and piano) it's applied to the band's collection of quirky and original songs, the results are fascinating.

As always, the best part of this type of event is discovery. I had been told about the WET TAXIS before, but cynic that I am, I didn't believe it. Imagine, if you can, Rocky Erickson's zombie after it underwent electric shock treatment. . . the Wet Taxis take the most acid-tinged excesses of extremist visionaries like 13th Floor Elevators, Zakary Thaks, Green Fuz and the Chocolate Watchband, and recycle this mess through a crunching tidal wave of distortion. My current favourite band in the whole world for at least the next two weeks. Miss 'em if you dare, it's your loss.

I have already raved at length about the Scientists and the Moodists. They remain two of the only bands for whom I could bother dragging myself away from the TV set. The SCIENTISTS trotted out a collection of shirts so vulgar and garish that even the Church would be embarrassed to be seen in them. They slammed their way through 45 minutes of swampland rock, more psychotic than psychedelic, more comic than cosmic. Although tightly structured, their songs have that loose feeling of improvisation that Elvis brought to *Mystery Train,* or Suicide to *Frankie Teardrop.*

The MOODISTS revved up their motor-psycho obsessions and careened their gold-lame flesh through a performance which saw them leap into a void where almost nothing is, and where few will dare follow. Comparing them to most other bands is like putting the psycho-hillbilly family from *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* next to the crew on *Gilligan's Island.* They have a second guitarist now, but you can't really hear him yet. . .

That's only a small fraction of what went on during the weekend, but of what I saw — nearly everything — it's what impressed me the most. There were films, videos and performance art going on downstairs, some of which was highly amusing. I particularly liked the Super-8 film of cut-ups of wedding photos with a soundtrack of synthesised water going down an electronic drain.

My other favourite part: a person was sweeping up the performance space after a particularly messy act by Funny Stories; two would-be seditionaries watching her for at least five minutes wondering what it all meant, before they realised. . .

FRANK BRUNETTI

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